



THE
NEW ENTERTAINING
HUMORIST.
CONTAINING A
CURIOUS COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING AND DIVERTING
MISCELLANIES,
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

IN WHICH
THE VARIOUS EFFECTS
OF
VIRTUE AND VICE

Are represented as they daily appear in the great
Theatre of the World ;

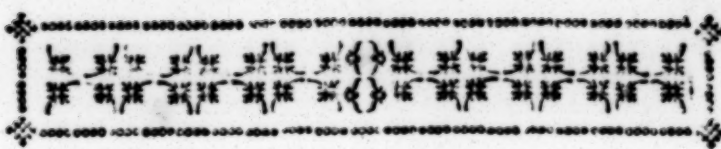
AND
Divers Instances of Love and Gallantry elegantly
Displayed.

Being an agreeable and instructive COMPANION
FOR
ALL RANKS AND SEXES.

EYE NATURE'S WALKS ; SHOOT FOLLY AS IT FLIES,
AND CATCH THE MANNERS LIVING AS THEY RISE.
POPE.

L O N D O N :
Sold by R. THOMLINSON and E. DALLEY.
MDCCLXXVIII.





INTRODUCTION,

C O N T A I N I N G

The ADVANTAGES of CHEARFULNESS.

C Hearfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly ; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and

chearfulness mutually beget each other ; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulness, but very often see chearfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body : it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects, that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use ; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making his heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at
the

the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers are as refreshing to the imagination as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green fall upon the eye in such a due proportion that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping

up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of chearful.

To consider further this double end in the works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers and blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest and increase which is to arise from it.

We may farther observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulness

cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them ; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of Nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure ; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities as tastes, colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations ? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre, filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual

tual fucceffion of beautiful and pleasing images.

I fhall not here mention the feveral entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, converfation, and other accidental diverfions of life, becaufe I would only take notice of fuch incitements to a chearful temper as offer themfelves to perfons of all ranks and conditions, and which may fufficiently fhew us that Providence did not design this world fhould be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man fhould be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulnefs of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are obferved to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our ifland, and often conveys itfelf to us in an eafterly wind. A celebrated French novelift, in oppofition to thofe who begin their romances with the flowery feafon of the year, enters on his ftory thus; ‘ In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themfelves, a difconfolate lover walked out into the fields, &c.

Every one ought to fence againft the
temper

temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that chearfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his essay on human understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words.

‘ Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them toge-

‘ ther, in almost all that our thoughts and
 ‘ senses have to do with ; that we finding
 ‘ imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want
 ‘ of compleat happiness in all the enjoy-
 ‘ ments which the creature can afford us,
 ‘ might be led to seek it in the enjoyment
 ‘ of him, with whom there is fulness of
 ‘ joy, and at whose right hand are plea-
 ‘ sures for evermore.’





T H E
NEW ENTERTAINING
H U M O R I S T.

Curious Story of king Charles the Second.

THERE is no one passion which all mankind so naturally give into as pride, nor any other passion which appears in such different disguises ; it is to be found in all habits and complexions. Is it not a question, whether it does more harm or good in the world ? And if there be not such a thing as what we call a virtuous and laudable pride ?

It is this passion alone, when misapplied, that lays us so open to flatterers ; and he who can agreeably condescend to looth our humour or temper, finds always an open avenue to our soul ; especially if the flatterer happen to be our superior.

One might give many instances of this in a late English monarch, under the title of, The Gaieties of king Charles II. This prince was by nature extremely familiar, of very easy access, and much delighted to see and be seen; and this happy temper, which in the highest degree gratified his people's vanity, did him more service with his loving subjects than all his other virtues, though it must be confessed he had many. He delighted, though a mighty king, to give and take a jest, as they say; and a prince of this fortunate disposition, who, were he inclined to make an ill use of his power, may have any thing of his people, be it never so much to their prejudice. But this good king made generally a very innocent use, as to the publick, of this insnaring temper; for, it is well known, he pursued pleasure more than ambition: he seemed to glory in being the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls and plays; he appeared highly delighted on those occasions, and never failed to warm and gladden the heart of every spectator. He more than once dined with the good citizens of London on their Lord Mayor's day, and did so the year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor.

Sir

Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and, if you will allow the expression, very fond of his sovereign; but what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continually toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship grew a little fond of his Majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether so graceful in so publick a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself on all kinds of difficulties, and with an hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guild-Hall yard: but the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, "Sir, you shall stay and take the other bottle." The airy Monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air repeated this line of the song;

"He that's drunk is as great as a king."

and immediately turned back and complied with his landlord.

The



The Country Justice.

SIR John, a country magistrate,
 Of good round belly, hob'ling gait,
 Well known at ev'ry merry meeting,
 Fam'd both for justice and for eating ;
 Was most severe, as stories tell us,
 Against the younger, sprightly fellows ;
 When frolicsome (for boys are wild)
 They chanc'd to get the maids with child ;
 Would sternly take the case in hand,
 And both the parties reprimand ;
 With utmost rigor would enforce
 The rigid laws that came in course,
 Nor ever in the least excuse
 That slight *faux pax* so much in use :
 And yet by some 'twas shrewdly thought,
 That he himself was sometimes naught ;
 For by the neighbours it was said,
 He was familiar with the maid ;
 But strangely time brings things about,
 As murder some odd time will out :
 And so it hap'd, one luckless night,
 When love unusual fir'd the knight ;
 His post so boldly he maintain'd,
 The fatal proofs of it remain'd ;

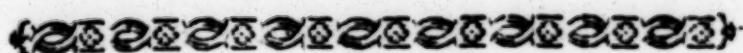
For

For scarce four months were gone and past,
 E'er Betty swell'd about the waist;
 But warn'd before of this disaster,
 The fearful wench inform'd her master;
 Who, (as it is the sinner's way
 To put far off the evil day)
 Neglects her till so large it made her,
 That to the neighbours it betrayd her.
 Now good Sir John began to stir,
 And tremble for his character;
 Advises Betty, full of care,
 The bastard not on him to swear;
 That if she'll put disgrace aside,
 He'll for the child and her provide.
 Betty, whose conscience wond'rous nice is,
 Was puzzled in this shameful crisis:
 But truth beyond her virtue prizes,
 And the offer secretly despises;
 Yet, as her circumstances lay,
 Conjectur'd 'twas the wisest way,
 Resentment and her thoughts to smother,
 And say she'll lay it on another.
 The knight thus eas'd, commits each
 (whore,
 And scold with justice as before;
 And though oft told of Betty's failing,
 Pretends to disbelieve their railing,
 'Till time run on, and Betty grew
 So large to each impartial view,

That

That now the danger was the same,
 Against the cautious knight's good name ;
 When now, to keep his fame, he thought
 And order'd Betty to be brought.
 The quorum sat, the blushing wench,
 In publick flood before the bench.
 Sir John, who thought himself secure,
 Began to thunder out his pow'r,
 Demands aloud, who had beguil'd
 The unhappy maid, and got the child :
 The book's held out, who stoops to kiss it,
 And it I must disclose whose is it,
 She cried, that hath my truth beguil'd,
 Sir John was father to the child.
 Now sudden grief, surprise, and shame,
 O'erwhelm the knight, and blast his fame,
 The tale each stand'rous tongue reveals,
 And swells the story as it tells ;
 To truth they add a thousand lies,
 And shame increases as it flies.
 Girls now unpunished stain the gown,
 And bastards swarm throughout the town.

The



The Story of the Eremite.

A Certain Eremite having conceived great jealousies touching the due administration of divine providence in external occurrences in the world, in this anxiety of mind was resolved to leave his cell and travel abroad, and see with his own eyes how things went in the world. He had not gone half a day's journey, but a young man overtook him and joined company with him, and insinuated himself so far into the Eremite's affection, that he thought himself very happy in that he had got so agreeable a companion. Wherefore, resolving to take their fortunes together, they always lodged in the same house. Some few days travel had past over before the Eremite took notice of any thing remarkable. But at last he observed that his fellow traveller, with whom he had contracted so intimate a friendship, in a house, where they were extraordinary well treated, stole away a gilt cup from the gentleman of the house, and carried it away with him. The E-
remite

remite was very much astonished with what he saw done by so fair and agreeable a person as he conceived him to be; but thought not yet fit to speak to him, or seem to take notice of it. And therefore they travel fairly on together as aforesaid, 'till night forced them to seek lodging. But they light upon such an house as had a very unhospitable owner, who shut them out into the outward court, and exposed them all night to the injury of the open weather, which chanced then to be very rainy; but the Eremite's fellow-traveller unexpectedly compensated his host's entertainment with no meaner a reward than the gilt cup he had carried away from the former place, thrusting it in at the window when they departed. This the Eremite thought was very pretty, and that it was not covetousness, but humour, that made him take it from its first owner. The next night, where they lodged, they were treated again with a great deal of kindness and civility; but the Eremite observed with horror that his fellow-traveller, for an ill requital, strangled privately a young child of their so courteous host in the cradle. This perplexed the mind of the poor

Eremite

Eremite very much, but in sadness and patience forbearing to speak, he travelled another day's journey with the young man, and at evening took up in a place where they were more made of than any where hitherto; and because the way they were to travel next morning was not so easy to find, the master of the house commanded one of his servants to go part of the way to direct them; whom, while they were passing over a stone bridge, the Eremite's fellow traveller caught suddenly betwixt his legs, and pitched him headlong from off the bridge into the river, and drowned him. Here the Eremite could have no longer patience, but flew bitterly upon his fellow-traveller for these barbarous actions, and renounced all friendship with him, and would travel with him no longer, nor keep him company. Whereupon the young man smiling at the honest zeal of the Eremite, and putting off his mortal disguise, appeared, as he was, in the form and lustre of an angel of God, and told him that he was sent to ease his mind of the great anxiety it was incumbered with touching the divine providence. In which, said he, nothing can occur more perplex-
ing

ing and paradoxical than what you have been offended at, since we two travelled together. But yet I will demonstrate to you that all I have done is very just and right. For as for the first man from whom I took the gilded cup, it was a real compensation indeed of his hospitality ; that cup being so forcible an occasion of the good man's distempering himself, and of hazarding his health and life, which would be a great loss to his poor neighbours, he being of so good and charitable a nature. But I put it into the window of that harsh and uncharitable man that used us so ill, not as a booty to him, but as a plague and scourge to him, and for an ease to his oppressed neighbours, that he may fall into intemperance, diseases, and death itself. For I knew very well that there was that enchantment in this cup, that they that had it would be thus bewitched with it. And as for that civil person whose child I strangled in the cradle, it was in great mercy to him, and no real hurt to the child, who is now with God. But if that child had lived, whereas this gentleman hitherto had been piously charitable, and devoutly given, his mind, I saw, would have unavoidably sunk into the
love

love of the world out of love to his child, he having had none before, and dotting so hugely on it ; and therefore I took away this momentary life from the body of the child, that the soul of the father might live for ever. And for this last act, which you so much abhor, it was the most faithful piece of gratitude I could do to one that had used us so humanely, and kindly as that gentleman did. For this man, who, by the appointment of his master, was so officious to us as to shew us the way, intended this very night ensuing to let in a company of rogues into his master's house, to rob him of all that he had, if not to murder him and his family. And having said thus, he vanished. But the poor Eremite, transported with joy and amazement, lift up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had thus unexpectedly delivered him from any further anxiety touching the ways of his providence; and thus returned with chearfulness to his forsaken cell, and spent the residue of his days there in piety and peace.

The



The Pig. A Tale.

SOME husbands on a winter day
 Were met to laugh their spleen away ;
 As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
 They praise their consorts to the skies.
 Obedient wives are seldom known,
 Yet all could answer for their own,
 Acknowledg'd each as sovereign lord,
 Abroad, at home, in deed, and word ;
 In short, as absolute their reign, as
 Grand Seignior's over his Sultanas.
 For pride, or shame to be outdone,
 All join'd in the discourse, but one.
 Who vex'd so many lies to hear,
 Thus stops their arrogant career.

'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say,
 What, all so absolutely sway ?
 In England ! where Italians wife
 Have plac'd the women's paradise ?
 In London ! where the sex's flow'r
 Have of that Eden fix'd the bow'r ?
 Fie ! men of sense to be so vain,
 You're not in Turkey nor in Spain,
 True Britons all ; I'll lay my life,
 None here is master of his wife.

These

These words the general fury rouse,
 And all the common cause espouse ;
 Till one with voice superior said,
 (Whose lungs were sounder than his head)
 I'll send my footman instant home,
 To bid his mistress hither come ;
 And if she flies not at my call,
 To own my pow'r before you all,
 I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you please,
 As Sh——k, or as Socrates.

Hold there——replies the objector fly,
 Prove first that women never lie ;
 Else words are wind—to tell you true
 I credit neither them nor you ;
 No, we'll be judg'd a surer way,
 By what they do, not what they say.
 I'll hold you severally that boast,
 A supper at the loser's cost,
 That if you will vouchsafe to try
 A trick I'll tell you by and by ;
 Send straight for every wife quite round,
 One mother's daughter is not found,
 But what before her husband's face
 Point blank his orders disobey.
 To this they one and all consent,
 The wager's laid, the summons went.

Mean while he thus instruction gives,
 Pray only gravely tell your wives,

Your

Your will and pleasure is t'invite
 These friends to a boil'd pig to-night.
 The commoner the trick has been,
 The greater chance you have to win ;
 The treat is mine if they refuse :
 But if they boil it, then I lose.

The first, to whom the message came,
 Was a well-born and haughty dame ;
 A faucy independent She,
 With jointure, and with pin-money,
 Secured by marriage-deeds from wants,
 Without a separate maintenance.
 Her loftiness disdain'd to hear,
 Half thro' her husband's messenger,
 But cut him short—with, How dare he,
 'Mong pot companions mention me ?
 He knows his way (if sober) home,
 And if he wants me let him come.—

This answer, hastily return'd,
 Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd,
 For each one thought his wife, on trial,
 Would brighter shine by this denial.

The second, was a lady gay,
 Who lov'd to visit, dress and play ;
 To spark it in the box or ring,
 And dance on birth-nights for the king ;
 Whole head was busy wont to be
 With something else than cookery.

She

She hearing of her husband's name,
 Tho' much a gentlewoman, came;
 When half informed of his request,
 A dish as he desir'd it drest,———
 Quoth Madam, with a serious face,
 (Without inquiring what it was)
 You can't sure for an answer look——
 Sir, do you take me for your cook?
 But I must haste a friend to see,
 Who stays my coming for her tea.
 So said, that minute out she flew——
 What could the slighted husband do?
 His wager lost, must needs appear;
 For none obey that will not hear.

The next, for housewifery renown'd,
 A woman notable was own'd,
 Who hated idleness and airs,
 And minded family affairs;
 Expert in every thing was she,
 At needle-work, or surgery:
 Fam'd for her liquors far and near,
 From richest cordials to small beer;
 To serve a feast she understood,
 In English or in foreign mode:
 Whate'er the wanton taste could choose,
 In kickshaws, sauces, or ragoos;
 She spar'd for neither cost nor pain,
 Her welcome guest to entertain.

B

Her

Her husband fair accosts her thus:
 To-night these friends will sup with us.
 She answer'd with a smile, my dear,
 Your friends are always welcome here.
 —But we desire a pig, and pray
 You'll boil it;—boil it! did you say?
 I hope you'll give me leave to know
 My business better, Sir, than so:
 Why ne'er in any book was yet
 Found such a whimsical receipt:
 My dressing none need be afraid of,
 But such a dish was never heard of.
 I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
 Let those who know no better, spoil it.
 —Her husband cry'd, for all my boast,
 I own, the wager's fairly lost.
 And other wives, besides my love,
 Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
 As chargeable as this to me,
 To shew their pride in housewifery.

Now the poor wretch that next him sat
 Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat;
 For well he knew his spouse's way,
 Her spirit brook'd not to obey;
 And never yet was in the wrong—
 He told her with a trembling tongue,
 Where, and on what his friends would feast,
 And how the dainty should be dress'd.

—To-

—To-night, quoth (in a passion) she?
 No, Sir, to-night it cannot be;
 And was it a boil'd pig you said?
 You and your friends sure are not mad.
 The kitchen is the proper sphere
 Where none but females should appear,
 And cooks their orders, by your leave,
 Always from Mistresses receive.
 Boil it! was ever such an ass?
 I pray, what wou'd you have for sauce?
 If any servant in my pay
 Dare dress a pig that silly way,
 In spite of any whim of yours,
 I'll turn her quickly out of doors.
 For no such thing, (nay never frown)
 Where I am mistress, shall be done.
 Each woman wise her husband rules;
 Passive obedience is for fools.

This case was quickly judg'd; behold
 A fair one of a softer mould;
 Good humour sparkled in her eye,
 And unaffected pleasantry;
 So mild and sweet she enter'd in,
 Her spouse thought certainly to win;
 (Pity such golden hopes should fail)
 Soon as she heard th' appointed tale,
 My dear, I know not, I protest,
 Whether in earnest or in jest,

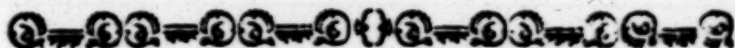
So strange a supper you demand,
 Howe'er I'll not disputing stand,
 But do it freely as you bid it,
 Prove but that woman ever did it.

This cause, by general consent,
 Was lost for want of precedent.
 Thus each deny'd a several way ;
 But all agreed to disobey.

One only dame did yet remain,
 Who downright honest was, and plain.
 If now and then her voice she tries,
 'Tis not for rule, but exercise.
 Unus'd her lord's commands to slight,
 Yet sometimes pleading for her right.
 She made her little wisdom go
 Farther than wiser women do.
 Her husband tells her, looking grave,
 A roasting pig I boil'd would have ;
 And to prevent all pro and con,
 I must insist to have it done.
 Says she, my dearest, should your wife
 Get a nick name to last for life?
 If you resolve to spoil it, do ;
 But then I hope you'll eat it too.
 For tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder squabble,
 I shall not, will not sit at table.
 She spoke, and her good man alone
 Found he had neither lost nor won.

So

So fairly parted stakes: the rest
 Fell on the wag that caus'd the jest,
 "Would your wife boil it? let us see."
 Hold there, you did not lay with me.
 You'll find in spite of all you've boasted,
 Your pigs are fatted to be roasted.
 The wager's lost, no more contend;
 But take this counsel from a friend:
 Boast not your empire, if you prize it;
 For happiest he who never tries it.
 Wives unprovoked best obey,
 And that you'll find the safest way.
 But if your dear once take the field,
 Resolve at first to win or yield;
 For heaven no medium ever gave,
 Between a sov'reign and a slave.



THE

HORRORS OF JEALOUSY.

CAMILLA was a young lady who
 had many admirers, but the most
 of her attention seemed for a long time to
 be divided between two, whom we shall
 call Calistus and Flavio; her affections
 were indeed engaged to the former, but
 she chose to trifle away some time with

the latter (a practice but too frequent) before she consented to give her hand to his rival. At length, however, she became the wife of Calistus, and for some time thought herself very happy in being so—but before a year had elapsed, she thought she had some reason to complain that his affections cooled towards her. Calistus was a man of trade, he had met with some considerable losses in business, at the same time he had received news of the death of a friend and near relation, and these things lying heavy upon his spirits, were most probably the source from whence this apparent alteration took its rise.

But Camilla, used to an extreme of tenderness and attention, could not allow of the least abatement: She first set herself to work secretly, to inquire whether her husband had not placed his affections elsewhere. Calistus was free and open in all his conduct, which was easily enough investigated, and on the nicest inquiry it appeared, that there was no ground for such a suspicion.—Yet Camilla was not contented to find, or even to imagine herself slighted, though she had a rival.

Plautilla

Plautilla was the favourite friend and confidant of this lady : to her she discovered her griefs, and was by her advised to rouse her husband from his supposed apathy, by substituting an imaginary rival. Fatal advice, which was but too strictly followed by the infatuated Camilla : she resolved to put this innocent deception on her consort, and for this purpose she unluckily pitched upon Flavio, who had formerly supposed himself a favorite lover, having purposely met him at a publick place, and perceiving him to be still her admirer, she suffered him to wait on her home, and gave him sufficient encouragement to visit her again at another time. Then he introduced himself to Calistus, by dealing with him in his business, and as the former was not of a very suspicious nature, soon received an invitation to his house. Here he was afterwards frequent enough in his attendance, till at last his assiduities to the lady, and her manner of receiving them, soon became visible enough to every one ; and Calistus even heard these things remarked abroad, before he began to make himself uneasy about them at home.

It was with pleasure that his wife at

last perceived his growing anxiety, and even ventured to rally him upon it, but she found him not so insensible as she had supposed; he was not of a constitution to break out into sudden gusts of passion, but a sullen silence witnessed his displeasure. His lady in the mean time continued trifling with her admirer, till his presuming to take improper freedoms, first occasioned some sharp rebukes on her side, and at length an absolute breach between them. At the same time being vexed at some things which he said in his anger, she was imprudent enough to hint, that she had used him only for her purpose to serve a turn. All this she did in confidence of her own innocence, but she did not find it enough to protect her.

Flavio, disappointed in his aim, and vexed to find himself only made, as he expressed it, "The cat's paw to a woman's resentment," meditated a base and wicked revenge. He was much given to vain-boasting—and he now resolved to indulge this propensity at the lady's expence. He scrupled not to declare that he had received favours from her, the discontinuance of which was owing to some new attachment.

These

These things were soon reported, with aggravations, from one to the other, till at last they reached the ears of Calistus, whose patience being now exhausted, he deemed his shame complete, and a thousand times reproached himself with his own forbearing temper. The first resolution his anger suggested, was to sacrifice his rival to his revenge; but he was gone into the country. The next thing therefore that he determined was, to examine every circumstance as fully as possible; and if he had found himself abused, to put an end to his shame and dishonour, by sending his wife back with infamy to her friends, and obtaining a legal divorce.

Unfortunately Camilla had so managed this scheme, that she had not one witness to prove her innocence; her own domestics being prejudiced against her by appearances, and even Plautilla, who advised her to follow this plan, believing, or affecting to believe, that she carried it farther than a mere deception, an opinion which she was good natured enough by many hints to communicate.

In short, thus situated, Camilla was but little the better for any defence she

could make, and though her husband thought he could not obtain a divorce on any evidence he could produce in a court of justice, yet he separated himself from her, and gave such reasons to her friends for his procedure, as entirely robbed her of her reputation, and soon after of her life, as from that fatal period her health decayed, a slow fever preyed upon her spirits, and she became subject to frequent fits; and at length died in the 25th year of her age, a victim to her own imprudence. Her husband challenged Flavio, who refused to meet him, and going abroad, eluded his vengeance. From that time he never enjoyed a moment's happiness, his affairs went to ruin; he became a bankrupt, and at last killed himself by a course of excesses, to which before he had been a stranger.—As to Flavio, it is yet uncertain what is become of him; a few years since he was alive in the East Indies; but embarking on a voyage in one of the country vessels, in which he had a considerable property, neither the ship nor he have since been heard of; so that it is concluded that the whole crew either perished at sea, or fell into the hands of pirates.

EDWIN



E D W I N

A N D

E M M A.

FA R in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of wealth and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous *Emma* flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colours smile through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair ;
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.

Till *Edwin* came, the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art ;
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught :
 Was quickly too reveal'd :
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That Virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like *envy* form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod
 From whence his riches grew.

Long

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd;
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In *Edwin's* gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove:
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where *Emma* walk'd and wept.

Oft too on *Stanmore's* wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight-shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty
 glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast:
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed;

And

And weary'd heav'n with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
First-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dew's appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what *Emma* came to say :
“ My *Edwin* live for me.”

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in ev'ry sound.

Alone,

Alone, appall'd thus had she pass'd

The visionary vale——

When lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,

Sad-sounding in the gale !

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,

Her aged mother's door——

He's gone ! she cry'd ; and I shall see

That angel-face no more !

I feel, I feel this breaking heart

Beat high against my side——

From her white arm down sunk her head ;

She shiv'ring sigh'd, and died.



T H E
D I S A G R E E A B L E N E S S
O F
P E E V I S H N E S S.

“ **P**EEVISHNESS, says a nervous
“ writer, may be considered as the
“ canker of life that destroys its vigour,
“ and checks its improvement; that creeps
“ on with hourly depredations, and taints
“ and vitiates what it cannot consume.”

Persons

Persons of a fretful, quarrelsome disposition, apt to take a light offence, and to be ruffled by trifles, may truly be called self-tormentors, and the pests of society. Such persons meet with frequent disappointments, because they expect from the world a tame compliance with all their capricious humours ; and deserve to meet with them, because their expectations are unreasonable. When a man's temper, indeed, has been soured by sickness, and a series of real calamities, he is not an object of contempt but of pity ; and his little starts of choler, pishes, pshaws, and discontented interjections, should be patiently borne with. But the majority of wayward, waspish people, are not intitled to the least indulgence. They ought to be thwarted whenever their petulant humour makes them troublesome.

Peevishness, though it may perhaps be ranked among the troubles to which we frail mortals are liable, sometimes prompts us to commit criminal actions, and then becomes a vice. I have seen so many of my fellow creatures of both sexes suffer for the gratification of this foible, that when I make my morning and evening addresses to the Giver of all good things,

I never fail to reckon a contented mind among the blessings which he vouchsafes to bestow upon me.

I received yesterday morning an early, and very unexpected vilit, from an old acquaintance, about my own age, who retired to his mansion-house in Berkshire thirty years ago, in a pet ; where he has led, till within this fortnight, a sullen, solitary life, disgusted with himself and every body around him.—When he entered my apartment I surveyed him with astonishment, and could not help saluting him abruptly ;——Good God, sir, what has brought you to London !—Nothing, said he, but absolute necessity, I assure you, should have brought me hither, and I heartily hope I shall not be long detained here ; for this confounded town, master Babble, is very much altered for the worse, I can tell you, since I left it. A man cannot now-a-days walk along the streets quietly, without running a risque of having his skull fractured, his limbs broken, or at least his hat knocked off, and his cloaths torn. “ Things were not “ so bad, I can tell you, thirty years ago.” Why now this morning I met with several provoking accidents. Before I turned

ed the corner of the street I lodge in, I was overtaken by two rascally barber boys, who jammed me between them, and besmeared me with powder; and while I was endeavouring to brush it off, a son of a gun of a chimney sweeper covered one side of my coat with soot. I verily believe the impudent young dogs take a pleasure in teasing me; for on my looking fiercely at one of them, and rebuking him warmly for his insolence, he replied in a surly tone, and with a glunting look.—Curse your eyes, you old cuss you; what, are you purblind? A little farther, four or five labourers spread themselves across the foot path, and would not budge an inch, though I very civilly intreated them not to stand so thick; so that I was obliged to go within the posts in order to avoid them, by which means I was splashed from head to foot by a pair of mettlesome coach-horses, who trotted by me as fast as they could. About twenty yards farther I unluckily trod on a loose stone; and caused a great deal of dirty water (for you know it rained hard last night) to fly into my face, and almost close up my peepers.—“Things were not so bad, I can tell you, when I lived in
“ London.”

"London."—Times are strangely altered since the year forty six—There is now a total depravation of manners.—I meet with nothing but insults wherever I go.

I was yesterday at a coffeehouse near the Temple, and could not be furnished with the news-papers till every body in the room had read them; and I moreover received a gross affront from one of the pragmatical waiters, who not only brought my chocolate quite cold, but had also the assurance to offer it to me with a large beetle swimming in it: and I overheard a coxcomb in the next box say to one of his priggish companions, smoke the old gentleman, Jack, what a forlorn wretch it is! My cloaths are not cut, my hat is not cocked, nor is my wig curled according to the taste in vogue; but must a man be insulted because he dresses as he likes? Plague on the fashions, say I!—Every wise man will have a fashion of his own, and not make himself look like a monkey to please any body.—And then people have got a trick now a days, of pushing along, and shoving one in the rudest manner imaginable.—Last Friday—no, I tell a story,—I mean last Monday, a blundering blockhead rushed by me with
such

such violence, that I was within a foot of falling into one of those abominable cellars which are open in all quarters of the town, like traps to catch people who go too near them. While I was venting my spleen against this fellow, another who followed me seized me by the arm in such a manner, that if I had been in debt, I should have fancied myself within the gripe of a bailiff: and who should it be but an impertinent jackanapes in a livery, who wanted me to make way for him because he was in a hurry forsooth; could not the fellow have said, with your leave, or by your leave?—"Things were not so bad, I can tell you, thirty years ago."—I could not help smiling here at my friend's vehement exclamations against the present times, and interrupting him in the midst of them; you forget, said I, that you were then a young man in high spirits, and did not mind a push or two in the street; but now the things which you took little notice of then are magnified, and become less bearable.—Poo, poo, said he, do you think I do not know how things were, and how they are altered for the worse?—God send me safe and sound out of this corrupted city, and I will

will never set foot in it again.—Well, replied I, I am glad to see you safe arrived at my lodgings after all your troubles.—Safe? said he, safe? ay, ay, I am indeed safe at present, as you call it, but how long shall I remain so; will you insure me from all cross accidents and perilous adventures while I stay in this town?—You must walk with more circumspection, said I, and then I hope you will not meet with so many misfortunes: you must consider, my friend, that you do not tread quite so firmly, as you did in your juvenile days—Firmly, said he,—What signifies a man's treading firmly when brutal carmen, chairmen, and barrow-women are suffered to block up the footway, and abuse you if you do not make room for them? a pack of bullying scoundrels, and brazen-faced jades.—Indeed, my friend, said I, it is not worth while to be in a passion about them; if you cannot bear disappointments of this kind with a philosophic composure, take a coach or chair; and please yourself with laughing at those whom you see disconcerted by the same accidents which disturb your repose.—'Tis a plaguy thing though, said he, that a man cannot go peaceably about his business.

finess, without paying these rascals for being carried from place to place, or else having his cloaths spoilt.—The first night I came to town, in the dusk of the evening, a fellow past by me with a door upon his shoulders ; I thought I allowed him room enough to pass without jostling, but a villainous hinge, which hung from it, stuck close to my arm, and made a monstrous rent in my furtout.—Besides, there is such a collection of filthy smells in the streets of London, that I wonder the air is not pestilential.—How can you bear to live here, Mr. Babble? you must surely have an excellent constitution!—A great deal, my friend, said I, depends on use, and a great deal on a disposition to be pleased.—Every state of life has its disquiétudes, and every place has its inconveniences, which seldom make a deep impression on us when we are accustomed to them? and indeed we should be very miserable beings if they did. You have been long absent from this busy capital, and make too nice a comparison between the bustle of a town life, and the tranquillity of a country one.—Were you to reside in London two or three months, you would not be so acutely pained by
some

Some of its smells, and chagrined by the brutality, or inadvertency of some of its inhabitants. I must own indeed there are several regulations wanting; but those regulations are not to be made by such people as you and I. If magistrates will not exert their authority, and endeavour to rectify publick nuisances, we cannot make them.—'Tis better therefore, I think, to bear without repining, the evils which we cannot remove, than to make ourselves uneasy about them:—those who are too quickly discomposed by the common accidents of life, contract a peevishness which renders them unsociable, unamiable, and consequently unhappy—Looke, Mr. Babble, replied he, it is an easy matter to preach, but not so easy to practise;—you talk very fluently, and I am glad with all my heart that you make yourself so happy; but for my part——Here we were luckily interrupted by the arrival of our coffee and Yorkshire cakes.

PHILLIS's



PHILLIS'S COMPLAINT.

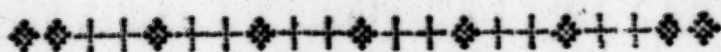
YE warblers, while Strephon I moan,
To cheer me your harmony bring;
Unless, since my charmer is gone,
You cease like poor Phillis to sing.

And, hark! the sweet grove is quite hush;
Their griet in their silence appears;
No songster will peep from the bush,
They're all so dismay'd with my tears.

Each flow'r declines its sweat head,
Nor odours around me will throw;
While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

An innocent lamb is my dear,
As sweet as all flow'rs combin'd;
His smiles like the summer can cheer;
Ah! why was he made so unkind!

Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be;
To Celia and Cloe makes love,
And only is cruel to me!



T H E

W A T E R O F F O L L Y .

A N

O R I E N T A L T A L E .

THE sage Aboul-casem, having discovered by his skill in astrology, that all the water of the town where he dwelt would fall the next year under the influence of such a strange planet, that whoever drank of it would become foolish; resolved to exempt himself from the common disaster, and proposed great pleasure and honour from being the only wise man in the town. Accordingly he provided a reservoir, which he filled with a sufficient quantity of the present year's water, that he might be in no necessity of drinking that of the fatal year. This prediction was at length verified, and the first appearances of the universal folly gave him great delight; but folly not being of a nature to amuse long, he soon grew weary of so inhuman a pleasure. He soon found himself deprived of all the joys and conveniences of society. No creature could

C

give

give a reasonable answer. He asked one what o'clock it was, who told him that corn was at two sequins a-bushel. He enquired what news of another; who answered, that salt was an excellent thing to butter fish with. He tried others, and found their replies equally remote from the question, which made him almost as mad as the water had made them. Yet he observed, that all lived easy and sociable with one another, and perfectly well satisfied with their own condition. Tired at length with the solitary state to which his singular wisdom had reduced him, he renounced the sublime advantages of it, in order to partake of the common happiness, drank the water, and mingled with the fools.



T H E
G E N E R O U S H U S B A N D :
O R, T H E
A M O U R S O F A R A B E L L A.

THE first impressions that love makes on us are the strongest, nor can they be removed by the commands of parents, interest, or prudence: how unhappy then are those ladies, who, for the alliance of families, titles, or private views, are torn from the arms of those they love, to be married by mercenary fathers to men they can scarce endure. Clerimont, a gentleman of fortune, loved a lady, beautiful, young, and rich: their loves seemed so much the more happy, because it was approved of by their parents, who designed to marry them. Arabella, for such was the lady's name, looked on Clerimont as her husband, and gave herself therefore a liberty to indulge a passion which she thought it her duty to increase; Clerimont was as fond of his

Arabella, and flattered himself with the greatest happiness in living with a woman whose love was mutual. While the writings for the marriage were drawing, the young lady went to one of the theatres to see a favourite play ; in the middle of the first act, Cleanthes, a young nobleman of the first rank, came into the same box where Arabella sat : her mein, her charms, and her wit, raised in him a sudden passion, he knew not how to account for : He gazed, he sighed, he loved. When the play was over, he conducted her through the crowd to her chair, and was agreeably surprized, when he saw her servant, to find it the livery of a gentleman he was very well acquainted with. The next morning he waited on Arabella's father, and enquired after his new charmer : and as soon as he heard it was his daughter, he made proposals for marrying her. The old gentleman, when he was recovered from his surprize, and found the young nobleman serious in his demands, thought the match too advantageous not to be made up as soon as possible ; they agreed to have her jointure settled that afternoon ; the marriage consummated the next morning. Cleanthes would

would fain have seen the lady: but her father said, it was not so proper, till he had acquainted her with his intentions. Cleanthes hurried to his lawyer to give instructions for the settlements; and the old gentleman sent for Arabella, to inform her of his new engagement: But what words can describe her wonder, and the various effects of love, grief and despair, whilst she received the charge of giving the next morning her hand in marriage to a lover she knew nothing of. In vain were all her tears, prayers and intreaties; no reproaches of injustice to Clerimont, no argument of future misery to herself, nor all the soft persuasions of paternal love could set aside the prevailing arguments of grandeur, title and riches. Her father was severe, and would be obeyed, and haughtily urged, that it was nothing but her duty to comply: he threatened her with violence, if she resisted his will, and with an imperious command, left her in all the anguish of a desperate maiden. Scarce had she recovered her senses, when she found means to send this news to her Clerimont's lodgings; but he was unhappily gone for a day or two to a country-house he had in a neighbouring village, to

order some repairs for the better reception of Arabella. The next morning, which was to bring her misery and a husband, arrives, after a night spent in tears, hopes and despair: her father enters her chamber, renews his reasons of interest, power and wealth, but finds her still inflexible. As he knew nothing could move her, but persuading her it was her duty; he threatened her with the heaviest curses in case of disobedience. In fine, amidst the horrors of such a guilt, amidst the tender thoughts of Clerimont, and the fears of a father's curse, she suffered herself to be dragged to the altar, perceiving it impossible to avoid the sacrifice. After the ceremony she was conducted to her lord's house, where, if pomp, titles and riches, could give happiness with a man she did not love, none could be more happy than Arabella; but in the publick joy she seemed discontented, and broken sighs, and dejected looks, betrayed the inward sorrow of her heart. Clerimont heard the next day of Arabella's marriage: and after being informed of the particulars, he could not bear to continue in London, but took post-horses immediately for Paris under all the grief a disappointed lover could bear.

bear. Arabella's husband was good humoured, complaisant, and passionately fond of her; preventing every wish by giving her every thing she could desire: but love is very unjust; she could only repay the tenderness of her husband with a cold indifference; which he perceived, and was sensibly affected, though he knew not she loved any other person. He continued his earnest endeavours to please, but without any success. At this time, a friend of his arrived from Paris, and told him, without any design, of the former love of Arabella and Clerimont. He was thunderstruck with the news, and never enquired more into the cause of her coldness to him: he was convinced of her virtue, as she was strict in her behaviour, cautious of her company, regular in her family, shewing great respect to him, but no tenderness; and he saw with grief, it was her good sense only, not her inclination, which made her dutiful to him. He admired her conduct, but complained of his own bad fortune. Among other solitary amusements, Arabella used to divert her melancholy in designing land-ships, which she did to perfection: in all her designs, (her passions and thoughts

being still fixed on Clerimont) you might find that unhappy lover ; sometimes as a despairing shepherd under the covert of a willow ; sometimes as a gay roving swain among a troop of country lasses ; just as her hope or fear dictated. Cleanthes, having often seen Clerimont in publick places, and knowing his person, felt inexpressible anguish to see the heart of his wife so sensibly affected towards his rival ; but he was quite overwhelmed with grief, when he saw her hang these pictures by her bedside, that so her lover might be the first object that appeared to her when she awaked ; and one morning while her husband, who deserved the utmost pity, seemed to be fast asleep, he was so unhappy as to hear her sigh, as she looked on those landskips, and in a passionate tone cry out, My dear, dear Clerimont !—— But even this declaration moved not Cleanthes to shew any resentment, but if possible he redoubled his tenderness, hoping that might wean her from a passion so ill placed. Almost two years he spent in this condition, without being able to change in the least the heart of his Arabella ; when despairing of her love, he resolved to make a campaign in Flanders ;
 where,

where, in a desperate attempt which he had voluntarily undertaken, according to his wishes, he received two mortal wounds. He was carried to his tent, where, finding some strength remaining, he called for pen and paper, and wrote the following letter to her.

“ My dear Arabella,

“ I would have said wife, had I not
 “ been convinced that name is hateful to
 “ you: as this is the last letter you will
 “ ever receive from me, I must testify in
 “ it my grief, for having been the occasion
 “ of the misery I am sensible you felt in
 “ your losing Clerimont: but had I known,
 “ my Arabella, your heart had been pre-
 “ engaged, I would not have parted you
 “ from the man you so tenderly loved, to
 “ have joined you to a husband you could
 “ never endure. That I loved you, by
 “ my actions you may be satisfied; but
 “ should any doubt remain, think what I
 “ must have felt, rather than give you any
 “ uneasiness in reproaching when I have
 “ beheld the happy Clerimont in every
 “ room, nay by your bedside, to be the
 “ object of your wishes. When I have
 “ heard you sigh for him, and passionate-

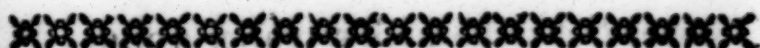
“ ly call for him—This I silently suffered
 “ I saw you indulge a passion you should
 “ have strove to stifle.—I wished you
 “ could have loved me, but wished in
 “ vain : I am now within a few moments
 “ of death ; and in these last words I de-
 “ sire that no unhappy remembrance of
 “ what is past may ever disturb the plea-
 “ sure which you will soon be at liberty
 “ to enjoy with your Clerimont.—
 “ Could you have loved me, we both
 “ might have been happy ; but your first
 “ love had made too strong an impression
 “ to be erased. You may be happy with
 “ Clerimont, but can never have a more
 “ loving husband than

“ Your expiring

“ CLEANTHES.”

The news of Cleanthes's death, accom-
 panied with this letter, flung her into an
 extreme grief ; but when his body was
 brought home from the army, to be inter-
 red with his ancestors, she would have sa-
 crificed herself, that she might give him
 her life, because she did not give him her
 heart. As soon as she called to her mind
 the love, merit and tenderness of her hus-
 band, with reproaches on her stars, her
 love,

love, and her father, she flung herself into all the agonies of rage and madness. So violent a state brought on a burning fever, which in a few days terminated in the death of a woman, who died unhappily for being married to the man she could not love, and who might have lived happy with the man she did.



NANCY OF THE VALE.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With ev'ry pleasing ray ;
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heats of day ;

When from an hazle's artless bower
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung ;

" Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove ;

But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Esham's dale!
 And ev'ry blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams;
 And ev'ry shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
 That float on Avon's tide;
 Bright as the water lily, sprung,
 And glittering near its side:

Fresh as the bord'ring flow'rs, her bloom;
 Her eye all mild to view;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were.

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found:
 And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.

That

That Nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet !
Or Fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet !

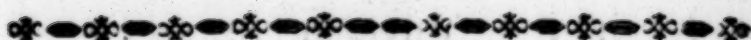
Gay lordings fought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline :
" Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
" As I will prove to mine.

" 'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
" Has won my right good will ;
" To him I gave my plighted vow,
" With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair ;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forego ;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

THE



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
T O M W I L D A I R.

TOM WILDAIR was a student of the Inner-Temple, and had spent his time, since he left the university for that place, in common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partizan of the Myrmidons, who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors, and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means
to

to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the distresses and entertainments, in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow to know how to behave himself on such important occasions, as the welfare of his son, and the safety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected, that necessity was the usual snare which made men fall into meanness; and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal mind; he resolved therefore to save him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of knowing what it is to be at ease, and inclosed to him the following order upon Sir Tristram Cash.

“ S I R,

“ PRAY pay to Mr. Tho. Wildair, or
 “ order, the sum of one thousand
 “ pounds, and place it to the account
 “ of, yours,

“ HUMPHRY WILDAIR.”

Tom

Tom was so astonished at the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at Sir Tristram's; yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him, till he wrote to his father the following letter.

“Honoured Father,

“**I** Have received an order under your
 “hand for a thousand pounds, in
 “words at length, and I think I could
 “swear it is your hand. I have looked
 “it over twenty thousand times. There
 “is in plain letters, T,H,O,U,S,A,N,D;
 “and after it the letters, P,O,U,N,D,S. I
 “have it still by me, and shall, I believe,
 “continue reading it till I hear from you.”

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of this letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them till he was half mad, he walked six or seven
 turns

turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again, and to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with a sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and with a design to compose himself he immediately betakes himself to his nightcap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day, but soon rose again, and resolved to visit Sir Tristram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying his money; but no such thing being said, "Look ye, Sir Tristram (said he) you are to know, that an affair has happened, which"—— "Look ye (says Sir Tristram) I know, Mr. Wildair,

' Wildair, you are going to desire me to
 ' advance; but the late call of the bank,
 ' where I have not yet made up my last
 ' payments, has obliged me'—Tom in-
 terrupted him by shewing him the bill for
 a thousand pounds. When he had look-
 ed at it for a convenient time, and as often
 surveyed Tom's looks and countenance;
 look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand
 pounds——Before he could proceed, he
 shewed him the order for three thousand
 more.—Sir Tristram examined the orders
 at the light, and finding at the writing
 the name, there was a certain stroke in
 one letter, which the father and he had
 agreed should be to such directions as he
 desired might be more immediately honour-
 ed, he forthwith pays the money. The
 possession of four thousand pounds gave
 my young gentleman a new train of
 thoughts: He began to reflect upon his
 birth, the great expectations he was born
 to, and the unsuitable ways he had long
 pursued. Instead of that unthinking crea-
 ture he was before, he is now provident,
 generous, and discreet. The father and
 son hold an exact and regular correspon-
 dence, with mutual and unreserved confi-
 dence in each other. The son looks upon
 his

And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to night, and freely share,
Whate'er my cell bestows,
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks, that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then trav'ler turn, thy cares forego,
For earth-born cares are wrong;
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell,
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay,
 A refuge to th' unshelter'd poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care,
 But th' door, op'ning with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trim'd his pleasant fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gaily prest and smil'd,
 And, skil'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

While round, in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing mindful could assuage
 The pensive stranger's woe,
 For grief had seiz'd his early age,
 And tears would often flow.

His

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd;
 And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
 The sorrows of thy breast?

From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove,
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
 Are trifling and decay;
 And those who prize the poultry things,
 More trifling still than they.

Say, what is friendship? but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep:
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep.

And what is love? an empty sound,
 The modern fair one's jest;
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex, he said;
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd he sees new beauty rise
 Expanding to the view,
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms ;
 The lovely stranger stands confess
 A maid in all her charms.

And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 A thing forlorn, she cry'd,
 Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 Where heav'n and you reside.

Forgive, and let thy piteous care
 A heart's distress allay,
 That seeks repose, but finds despair
 Companion of the way.

My father liv'd, of high degree
 Remote beside the Tyne,
 And as he had but only me,
 His opulence was mine.

To win me from his tender arms
 Unnumber'd suitors came,
 Their chief pretence my flatter'd charms,
 My wealth perhaps their aim.

Each

Each hour the mercenary crowd
 With glitt'ring proffers strove ;
 Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 Who offered only love.

In humble simplest habit clad,
 No wealth or power had he ;
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.

Whene'er he spoke amidst the train,
 How would my heart attend !
 And still delighted e'en to pain,
 How sigh for such a friend !

And when a little rest I sought
 In sleep's refreshing arms,
 How have I mended what he taught,
 And lent him fancied charms !

Yet still and hapless be the hour,
 I spurn'd him from my side,
 And still with ill-dissembled power
 Repaid his love with pride.

Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to deplore,
 And sought a solitude forlorn,
 And ne'er was heard of more.

Then since he perish'd by my fault,
 This pilgrimage I pay,
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.

And there in shelt'ring thicket hid,
 I'll linger till I die ;
 'Twas thus for me my lover did,
 And so for him will I.

Thou shalt not thus, the hermit cry'd,
 And clasp'd her to his breast:
 Th' astonish'd fair-one turn'd to chide ;
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

For now no longer could he hide
 What first to hide he strove ;
 His looks resume their youthful pride,
 And flush with honest love.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
 Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign,
 And we shall never, never part,
 O thou! my all that's mine.

D

No,

No, never from this hour to part,
Our love shall still be new,
And the last sigh that rends thy heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

Here amidst streams and bow'rs we'll rove,
From lawn to woodland stray,
Blest as the songsters of the grove,
And innocent as they.

To all that want, and all that wail,
Our pity shall be given,
And when this life of love shall fail,
We'll love it o'er in heav'n.



THE
STORY OF TWO SAILORS,
With their Letter to
KING CHARLES II.

JACK O C U M and Tom Splice-
well, two sailors, who had been some
time on shore, in the reign of king Charles
the second, and had spent the produce of
their last voyage; after a small time, their
Wapping landlady, who was called mother
Double

Double-Score, began not only to look coldly upon them, but also, according to custom, when their money was gone, to behave roughly towards them; and they not being entered again in any service, began now to scheme how they should raise a little money for their present use; and, after several proposals made between them, that still met with some objections, one of them at length said——Zoons! messmate, what think you of a trip or two, for a venture, o'privateering about these coasts a little? In my mind, we might pick up a prize or two, without firing a shot. Ay, replied the other, but suppose we should be taken; will not a court martial hang us for pirates? Zoons! said the other, we must take what care we can not to be taken; and be sure to cruise out of this latitude, lest we should be known by our rigging. And if we should chance to be chased, why we must crowd all the sail that we can, and be sure never to strike as long as we can swim above water.

To be brief, after some little debate, they resolved upon a venture; and out they set, with no other weapons of offence, or defence, than a couple of great broom-

sticks. When they were got into the fields, a little way from town, one of them, seeing a gentleman coming towards them pretty well dressed, says to the other, Damn me, Jack ! this is a prize worth boarding : shall we bring him too ? He seems well rigged and loaded. So he does, replied the other ; and with that, they both made ready for the attack. When the gentleman came to them, they both brandished their weapons ; and he, who was commodore, saluted him as follows : Damn my blood, by boy, but we must have some money with you ! or else, by G—d, you must have a broadside ! The gentleman finding by their arms, manner and language, that they were but young in their business, answered them thus : Well, gentlemen, as you seem to be sailors, and good hearty cocks, do not use me ill, and you shall be welcome to what money I have about me, with all my heart, was it ten times as much. With that, he presented them with about three shillings and sixpence. Here, gentlemen, said he, is all the money I have at present, and I wish it was more for your sakes. The sailors seeing the gentleman so good natured, seemed quite satisfied ; took the money,

money, told him it was enough, and wished him a good voyage. But they had not gone far with their booty, before they were pursued; for the gentleman telling the adventure just after to some people that he met, the posse was raised; and, in less than half an hour, one of them was taken; the other, by some means or other, made his escape. The next sessions at the Old Bailey, my young commodore was convicted of felony, and sentenced to be hanged, though the simplicity of his proceeding made many people sorry for him. After this misfortune, his fellow adventurer was in great perplexity, though he had escaped himself; for no body had yet enquired or sought after him about it. But Jack resolved to spare no pains; and, if possible, to save his poor messmate's life. And being one day at the rendezvous, talking about it, with another of their old shipmates, after several methods had been proposed between them, and all fell to the ground, Jack boldly cries—'Sblood, Tom! I have a good mind to write a letter for him to the king myself. I am told no body else can pardon him; and I fancy that would be the most likely way to do the business; only I cannot tell who

to get to carry it, and deliver it to him. Zoons! cries the other, I like your scheme, Jack! and if you can write it, I will go along with you, and we will carry it to him ourselves, and then we shall be sure that he will have it, for I never saw the king in my life. Nor I neither, replies the other; and by G—d, Tom! if you will go with me to him, I will write a letter immediately; the other consenting, Jack called immediately for a pen, ink and paper; but as he was going to begin his polite epistle, a great blotch of ink dropped from his pen, upon the top of his paper. Jack never called for any more; but wiping it with his finger along the sheet, he began, and wrote as follows:

“ An please your kingship,

“ This is to let you to no, that my
 “ messmate, Tom Splicewell, is condem-
 “ ned to be hanged; for you must no, that
 “ he was foolish enuff to set out a priva-
 “ tearing, without applying to the admi-
 “ ralty forleave; and the first prize he took,
 “ gave sum inteligense of his course; so
 “ that he was chased by a holy squadron,
 “ and soon after taken and carried into
 “ port,

" port. However, he's a very honest
 " fello, I assure you, and by G—d, as
 " gode a feman as ever stept between stem
 " and starn. He shall not and splice, reef
 " and handle a sail, flear and rig a ship,
 " with eer a man in the navee, and that's
 " a bould word. And if youle be so
 " kind as to order his discharge, I dare
 " fware he'll never be guilty of such a no-
 " ther cryme, as long as he lives, which
 " will also very much oblyge

" Your humble servant,

" Jack Ocum.

" From the Ship Alehouse

" in Wapping. Witness,

" Thomas Fliplove, shipmate."

When Jack had finished the above let-
 ter, and the other had set his hand to it
 as a proof of his approbation, and the
 truth of its contents, they sealed it up,
 and directed it as follows:

" This for the king

" with speed."

As soon as this was done, without fur-
 ther delay, out they set, to deliver their
 letter as directed; and all the way they
 went, they enquired where the king liv-

ed. At last, when they came into the Strand, near Charing-cross, a gentleman, who was just come from St James's, hearing them enquire so earnestly after the king, and seeing they were sailors, stepped up to them, and demanded thus: Hark ye, my lads, what do ye want with the king, pray? Have you an express for his majesty? An express! no! (answers one of them) we have no express, nor do not know what you mean; but we have got a letter for him, and want to deliver it to him, if we can. What! (replies the gentleman) to the king himself? King himself! ay, to the king himself; (cried the sailor) suppose it was to the lord high admiral; what of that? Why, my lad (replied the gentleman) if it be a thing of consequence, you may very easily see the king, for he is now walking in the Mall; I saw him there within these ten minutes myself—What, Sir, (demands Jack) is he walking there alone? No, replies the gentleman, there are a great many of the nobility and gentry along with him. How may a body know then, cries Jack, which is he? Why, says the gentleman again, the king is a very tall, black man, and you may know him by a star on his left breast,

breast, and a blue ribbon hanging from his neck.

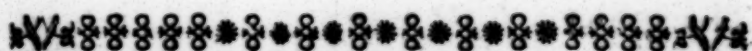
By this time a great number of people were gathered about the sailors; and hearing what had passed betwixt them and the gentleman (as above) after the sailors had thanked him, they proceeded; and the mob resolved to bear them company in their embassy. So that, by that time they were got to the Park, their attendance was encreased to several hundreds. But just as they came to the end of the Mall, they happened to meet a nobleman, who in some measure answered the description which the gentleman had given of the king, being a knight of the garter, with his star and ribbon. Jack no sooner saw him, but he roared out to his companion, by G—d! Tom, here is the king! now for it! So after feeling for the letter, he stepped up to the nobleman, and saluted him thus; Your humble servant, Sir; pray, are you the king? No, friend; (replied his lordship) I am not indeed. Why, pray, do you ask me that question? Nay, Sir, (returned the sailor) I beg your pardon? hope no offence! but I was told just now by a gentleman that saw the king within this half hour, that he is rigged in

much the same trim as you are ; so that I did not know but you might be him. Have you any dispatches for his majesty, demands the nobleman, that you are in such quest of him? Spatches! yes, Sir, quoth Jack, I have ; I have a letter for him ; and must deliver it into his own hand, if I can find him. The nobleman imagining that there might be something more than common in this rencounter, told them, that if they pleased he would go back with them, and not only shew them the king, but would also introduce them to him. Upon which the sailors thanked him for his good will, and away they went together. When they came to about the middle of the Mall, they met his majesty ; and the nobleman going up to him, in a low voice acquainted him with what had passed between him and the sailors ; and pointing to them, desired his majesty would please to permit them to deliver their letter to him. By all means, my lord, replied the king. With that he beckoned the sailors to approach. Here, my lads, said his lordship, this is his majesty, if you have any letter for him, you may now deliver it. Here Jack advanced, with his hand to his hat, but without pulling

pulling it off, and having come pretty near the king, said to him, Pray, Sir, are you the king? Yes, Sir, answered his majesty smiling, I believe so. Then, Sir, says Jack, there is a letter for you, an please you. The king looking hard at the fellow, could not help smiling at his blunt, uncourtly address; but he took the letter from him, and looking upon the superscription, fell a laughing, and shewed it all round to the nobles that attended him. Jack seeing the king look so pleasantly, says to his shipmate, by G—d, Tom, I believe it will do; the king seems in a very good humour. And, when his majesty had read the letter, he delivered it to the nobleman who introduced the sailor to him. Look here, my lord, says he, read that letter, and learn a new direction. Upon my honour, this fellow has no deceit in him; I dare say it is his own hand writing and his own dictating too. However, this I may say to his credit, that his stile and behaviour are both honest towards me; for he has not troubled me with compliments in the one, nor ceremonies on the other. So, turning to the sailors, he says to him who gave him the letter, well, friend, as this is

his first offence, (upon the account of your kind letter here, you may let your friend know that I will pardon him this time, but let him take care that he never transgresses so again. Ant please you, Sir, (quoth Jack) I dare swear he never will; and if you will take care that he shall not be hanged this time, I am sure Tom's a very honest fellow, and will be very thankful to you. Well, said his majesty, you may assure yourself that he shall not die for this crime; and you may let him know that I shall save his life for the sake of your letter here. Ay, Sir, said the sailor, but how can a body be sure that you will not forget it? Why, replied the king, you may take my word for it I will not forget it. Cause, if you should, quoth Jack, perhaps they may hang him, and you be never the wiser. But if once we could get him a shipboard with us, by the blood! but you must then ask the captain first, or a thousand of you could not hang him. Why then, replied the king, if you will take care, and get him a shipboard as soon as he is at liberty, I will take care he shall be discharged in a very few days. Sir, replied the sailor, I return your kingship a great many thanks; and

I am sure poor Tom will be ready to hang himself for joy, that he is to go on board again; and by the mefs! there is no good to be got staying so long on shore. Then he made the king a low bow, hitched up his trowsers, tacked himself about, and steered off in triumph, that his polite letter had saved his messmate's life. And the story says, that the king and his attendants were no less delighted with the poor sailors embassy, than they were with the success of it.



RURAL HAPPINESS.

HAPPY the man, to whom kind
heav'n

A few paternal fields has giv'n;
Thereon a useful stock to graze,
To guard from want, and live at ease:
A cottage neatly kept and clean,
And by it close a running stream;
A garden join'd, that does afford
Sufficient for its master's board;
Therein a bower where jessamine,
And fragrant honeysuckles join,

With

With artful wreaths, at scorching noon,
T'expel the fury of the sun.

If such my lot, what shou'd I more ?
I'd covet not the miser's store ;
I wou'd not wish for shining state ;
Or view, with envious eyes the great ;
Or sigh for splendors of a court,
Where kings themselves are fortune's
sport.

Unmov'd and calm, I'd hear from far
The noise and thunder of the war ;
Where, 'midst alarms, and cannons roar,
'Midst dying groans, and seas of gore,
The guilty soldier hunts for fame ;
And, stained with blood, acquires a name.
I'd unconcern'd the merchant view
Thro' stormy seas his way pursue,
In search of gain, still wanting more
(Tho' rich enough) t'encrease his store.
Exempt from suits, serenely hear
The brawls of the litigious bar ;
Where perjur'd gownmen wrest the laws,
And, brib'd, give up the justest cause.

From giddy crowds, and faction freed,
When earn'd, I'd eat my peaceful bread :
Nor shou'd my hand refuse the plough,
Or gather what I did not sow :
Nor wou'd I, undeserving, wear
What from my sheep I did not shear ;

All

All labour needful to bestow,
With chearful heart I'd undergo.

Relieved from that, and time to spare,
I now and then would course a hare:
Another time the angler's skill,
A vacant hour or two shou'd fill.
Diversions each, with mod'rate use,
That to a reverend age conduce.

Sometimes to know what happ'd of
yore,
I'd o'er a sage historian pore;
Or else an hour or two I'd spend,
With *Pope*, or some poetick friend;
Each in degree my self should grace,
From *Homer* down to *Hudibras*.
On *Sundays* always---once a day--
I'd go to hear the parson pray;
Or from his pulpit make oration,
With now and then---a good quotation;
And if his text he handled nice,
Perhap: I'd go to hear him twice.

Another time, in cheerful mood,
If near my homely dwelling stood
(And that I'd wish) a cot or too,
With a good honest friend, or so,
I wou'd a pleasant ev'ning pass;
Where, free from scandal, o'er a glass,
Or spacious jug of sparkling beer
(to *Burgundy* superior far)

We

We wou'd of various things debate;
 Or pun, or joke, or tale relate:
 And then anon the subject turn,
 And talk about our own concern;
 As how our fields we should bestow;
 Which best for pasture, which for plough:
 What fruit wou'd such an orchard yield;
 What loads of corn, wou'd such a field.
 That o'er, we'd chat of other things,
 And boldly weigh the fate of kings;
 And, free from passion, gravely utter
 Our sentiments upon the matter;
 How far their quarrels bad or good,
 And which the right or wrong pursu'd:
 Or else compare our happy station,
 With those call'd rulers of the nation:
 Who, ign'rant of the happy fate
 That does attend a homely state,
 And placing all their happiness
 In grandeur, poorly sell their peace.
 Thus chat, till each with sleep oppress'd,
 And mod'rate charge, retire to rest.

One thing remains to sweeten life,
 An honest and a careful wife;
 Who lov'd and loving, soft and kind,
 When gloomy cares wou'd fill my mind,
 Whose sweat endearments wou'd repel
 The fiend, and crush the growing ill:

And,

And, more to bless the nuptial tye,
 A blooming girl and lusty boy ;
 T'enjoy, when we are dead and gone,
 The little spot we bred them on :
 To close our eyes, when stealing death
 Should rob us of our parting breath ;
 For I this other boon wou'd crave,
 One dart to send us to our grave.

Nor shou'd our lives be only such
 As serve to guard us from reproach ;
 But gracious heav'n this too bellow,
 That those might mourn our bier might
 view ;

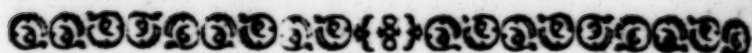
Our passing knell, with grief might hear ;
 Nor freeze, on pity's cheek, the tear ;
 And let them, when they'd read our
 stone,

Say, for the little good we'd done---

" Ye happy pair from trouble freed ;

" When living, lov'd, and mourn'd when
 dead."

PA-



P A L A M O N

A N D

A M A S I N A.

GOOD-NATURE has something in it so heavenly, that the more we are possessed of it, the nearer we approach the great author of nature : this, of all the virtues, is that which most finds its reward within itself, and, at the same time, most endears us to society, atoning for almost every other deficiency ; of all the beauties, this attracts the most lasting admiration, gives the greatest charm to every thing we say or do, and renders us amiable in every station, and through every stage of life.

Good-nature is religion too, in the highest meaning of the term ; because it will not suffer us to do by any one what we would not willingly have done to ourselves : and though I am far from thinking, that all those, who have not this happy disposition of mind, are wicked, yet this I venture to affirm, that those, who

who are really possessed of it, never can be so.

It is, certainly, a fiend-like disposition to be pleased with giving pain ; yet, how have I seen some people exult and triumph in their power of doing it ! And, the more disquiet they are capable of spreading, the more considerable they imagine themselves. Ridiculous infatuation of ill judging pride ! Does not a wasp, or even a common fly, buzzing about one's ears, inflict a temporary uneasiness ? Not the most insignificant reptile that the air or earth affords, but has the power of being vexatious to us for a while, and is the rival of the ill-natured ; who, by being such, but vainly boast of a superior reason.

Persons of this temperament diffuse a gloom wherever they come : no sooner they appear, than conversation is at a stand, mirth is checked, and every one present seems to have caught some share of the infection ; whereas, on the contrary, the sight of one who is known to have good nature, invigorates like the sun, inspires a cheerfulness where it was before wanting, and heightens what it finds.

In

In fact, there would be no such thing as calamity in the world, did every member of this great body behave with any tolerable degree of good-nature and humanity to others. Good-nature is the cement of love and friendship, the band of society, the rich man's pleasure, and the poor man's refuge. Peace, harmony, and joy reign where it subsists, and all is discord and confusion where it is banished.

Palamon and Amasina were married almost too young to know the duties of the state they entered in; yet, both being extremely good-natured, a mutual desire of obliging each other appeared in all their words and actions; and, though this complaisance was not owing to those tender emotions which attract the heart with a resistless force, and bear the name of love, yet were the effects so much the same, as not to be distinguished.

The first year of their marriage made them the happy parents of an heir to a plentiful estate.—The kindred on both sides seemed to vie with each other, which should give the greatest testimonies of their satisfaction. All their friends congratulated this addition to their felicity; and,

and, for a time, the most perfect joy and tranquillity reigned, not only in their own family, but in all those who had any relation to them.

Amasina, after she became a mother, began to feel, by degrees, a greater warmth of affection for him that made her so; and, having no reason to doubt an equal regard from him, thought herself as happy as a woman could be, and that there were joys in love greater than she had any notion of before.

Quite otherwise was it with Palamon: the time was now indeed arrived, which taught him what it was to love.—The hopes, the fears, the anxieties, the impatiences, all the unnumbered cares, which are attributed to that passion, now took possession of his heart: he pined, he languished, but, alas! not for his wife. He had, unhappily, seen a young lady at an opera, who had charms for him, which he had never seen in the whole sex before. As he happened to sit in the same box with her, he had frequently an opportunity of speaking to her; and, though only on ordinary subjects, every answer she made to what he said, seemed to him to discover a profusion of wit, and gave him
the

the most longing desire to be acquainted with her.

Fortune, favourable to his wishes, presented her to him, the next day, in one of the publick walks, accompanied with a lady and gentleman, the latter of whom he had a slight knowledge of. He joined company with them; and, perceiving it was to the other lady that the gentleman seemed most attached, he was at the greater liberty to say a thousand gallant things to her, who was now the object of his wishes.

Belinda, who was in all respects one of the modern modish ladies, received the compliments he made her, in a manner which convinced him his conversation was not disagreeable to her; and, some mention happening to be made of a masquerade that night, she told him, that both she and her fair companion intended to be there, and were then going to bespeak habits for that purpose.

This hint was not lost upon Palamon: He followed them at a distance; and, when the ladies had left the shop, he went in, under pretence of hiring a domino for himself; and, finding the woman behind the counter was no stranger to the ladies, he

he easily prevailed on her to let him know, not only what habits they had bespoken, but also of what condition and character they were.—She informed him, that Belinda had a large fortune, and, her parents being dead, she was under the care of guardians, though she did not live with them, but had lodgings herself in an adjacent street.

Palamon was transported at this intelligence, as it seemed to promise him an easy access to her acquaintance, and privilege of visiting her ; which, probably, in those early days of his passion, was all he aimed at. His impatience, however, carried him very early to the masquerade, that he might have an opportunity of examining every one that came in. He soon discovered her, and was not long in convincing her, that he was the gentleman, who had made her so many compliments in the morning ; which greatly flattered her vanity. She listened attentively to the assurances he gave her of his passion, and frequently let fall some words, as if they had escaped her unadvertently, that might make him think she would not be ungrateful, if he persisted in giving her testimonies of a constant flame.

Palamon

Palamon was transported to find the offer he had made her of his heart so well received; and made so good use of the opportunity she gave him of entertaining her the whole time of the masquerade, that he obtained her permission to attend her home, and, as it was then too late for them to continue their conversation, to visit her the next day in the afternoon.

Belinda, it is probable, had indeed no other view in entertaining Palamon, and receiving his addresses, than merely for the sake of hearing herself praised, and giving pain, as she imagined, to others of her admirers, who were less frequently admitted. But, how dangerous a thing it is to have too great an intimacy with a person of a different sex, too many, of a greater share of discretion than Belinda, have experienced.—This unwary lady, in meditating new arts to captivate her lover, became ensnared herself. In short, Palamon had as ample a gratification of his desires, as his most sanguine hopes could have presented him an idea of.

Amasina, all this while, lost ground in his affection;—she every day seemed less fair, and whatever she said, or did, had in it a kind of awkwardness, which, before,

fore, he was far from discovering in her ; every thing was now displeasing in her ; if endearing, her fondness was childish and silly ; and if more reserved, she was sullen and ill-natured. One moment he was out of humour, if she spoke, and the next, offended at her silence. He was continually seeking some pretence to find fault with the most justifiable conduct that ever was, and even vexed, when he had nothing in reality to condemn.— Unhappy but certain consequences of a new attachment ! which, not content with the injury it does, also adds to it by ill humour, and a wish for some occasion to hate the object we no longer love.

The poor lady could not help observing this alteration in his behaviour, but as she was far from guessing the real motive, imputed it to some unlucky turn in his affairs, though of what nature she could not imagine, having had a large fortune settled on them at their marriage, besides the reversion of what his father should die possessed of, which nobody could take from him.

For more than a whole year did she combat his ill-humour with sweetness, gentleness, and the most obliging behavi-

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our ;

our; and, though she began to think herself lost to his affection, bore even that afflicting reflection with the most submissive patience, still flattering herself, that if it were even so, he would one day reflect, that she did not deserve her ill fortune.

Jealousy was, however, a passion she was wholly unacquainted with: many beautiful ladies frequently visited at her house, and she had never seen the least propensity in him to gallantry with any of them; so that she rather imagined a disgust to the whole sex was growing on him, than any particular attachment to one.

Thus did her innocence and unsuspecting nature deceive her, till one day a female friend more busy than wise, opened her eyes to the true reason of her husband's coldness. This lady, by means of a maid-servant she had lately entertained, and who had lived with Belinda long enough to know the whole secret of her amour with Palamon, and was dismissed on some dislike, was made acquainted with all that passed between that guilty pair. She learned, from this unfaithful creature, that Belinda had been made a
mother

mother by Palamon; and that the child was disposed of to a person who, for a present of fifty guineas, had taken the sole charge of it, so as it should never appear to the disgrace of the unnatural parents. Not the most minute circumstance, relating to this affair, but was betrayed by this wretch, partly in revenge for having been discarded by her former lady, and partly to gain the favour of the present, who, she easily perceived, loved to hear news of this kind.

Amalina would fain have treated this account as fabulous, and have perswaded her friend to regard it only as a piece of malice in the reporter; but the other was positive in her assertion, and told her, that it was utterly impossible for such a creature to dress up a fiction with so many particulars, and such a show of truth.—“Besides (added she) if there were nothing in it, we might easily disprove all she has said, by going to the woman who has the care of the child, and whose name and place of abode she has told me.”

Compelled at last to believe her misfortune but too certain, a while she gave loose to tears and to complainings, but her good sense, as well as good nature,

soon got the better of her gust of passion; and, when her friend asked her, in what manner she would proceed; in order to do herself justice?—"What can I do (replied this charming wife) but endeavour to render myself more obliging, more pleasant, and more engaging, if possible, than my rival; and make Palamon see, he can find nothing in Belinda, that is wanting in me?"

"O heav'n! cried the lady, can you forgive such an injury!"—"Yes, resumed Amasina, stifling her sighs as much as she was able, love is an involuntary passion."—"And will you not upbraid him with his ingratitude, and expose Belinda?" said she.—"Neither the one nor the other, answered Amasina coldly; either of these methods would indeed render me unworthy of a return of his affection; and I conjure and beseech you, added she, by all the friendship I flatter myself you have for me, that you will never make the least mention of this affair to any one in the world."

This moderation was astonishing to the person who was a witness of it: however, she promised to be intirely silent, since it was requested with so much earnestness; but,



but, how little she was capable of keeping her word, most of her acquaintance could testify, to whom not only the fault of Palamon, but the manner in which his wife received the account of it, was not three days a secret.

Amasina was no sooner left alone, and at liberty to meditate more deeply on the shocking intelligence she had received, that she again began to fancy there was a possibility of its being false: the suspense, however, seemed more uneasy to her, than the confirmation could be, and she resolved to be more fully convinced of the truth, if there was any means of being so.

Accordingly, she made an old woman, who had been her nurse in her infancy, and whose fidelity and discretion she could depend upon, her confidante in this affair; and it was concluded between them, that a spy should be employed to follow Palamon at a distance wherever he went, and also to make a private inquiry into the behaviour and character of Belinda, amongst those who lived near her.

A very little search served to unravel the mystery, and corroborate all Amasina had

heard concerning it.—The emissary soon learned, that Palamon daily visited this engrosser of his heart; that they were often seen to go out together in a hackney-coach in the evening, and that the lady rarely returned before morning; that she had been observed, some months past, to be more gross than usual, and had affected to wear a loose dress; that she had been absent from her lodgings three or four days, came home very much indisposed, and kept her bed for more than a week, yet had neither physician nor apothecary to attend her; and, on the whole, it was believed by every body, that she had been, during that time, delivered of a child.

The unhappy wife of Palamon, now as much assured of his perfidy as she could be without ocular demonstration, determined to bear it with as much patience as she was able; which was indeed sufficient to render her behaviour such, as made him certain in his own mind, that she had not the least suspicion of the wrong he did her; and also compelled him very often to accuse himself for being guilty of what he could not answer to his
reason,

reason, though he had not resolution enough to abandon Belinda, notwithstanding the levity of her conduct discovered the difference between a mistress and a wife.

Whenever Amasina reflected on this change in her husband, as she had little else in her mind, there was no part in the adventure appeared more strange to her, than that a lady, born and educated in the manner she knew Belinda was, and who had so far yielded to the temptations of her passion, as to throw off all modesty and honour for the gratification of it, should have so little regard for her innocent child, as to abandon it to miseries she knew not of what kind. This was a barbarity, she thought, exceeded the crime to which it owed its birth, and she more readily forgave the injury done to herself, than that to the helpless infant.

The more she reflected, the more she was astonished, that a woman should act so contrary to nature; and, by often picturing to herself the woes, to which this poor deserted child might be probably exposed, became at length so dissolved in lost compassion, as to form a resolution,

which few besides herself were capable of.

She had been informed, by her officious friend, both of the name and habitation of the woman with whom this poor little creature had been left; and, without making any person privy to her design, muffled herself up in her capuchin, and went in an hackney chair to her house. The woman received her with a great deal of respect and kindness, imagining she was come on the same business as Belinda and many others, who love the crime, but hate the shame of being detected in it, had done. She was immediately conducted into a private room, and told, that she might be free in communicating any thing to her, for she was a person who had been intrusted by those who would not be thought guilty of a false step for the world.

The virtuous Amasina blushed at being suspected by this woman to be guilty of an act, her soul shuddered at the thoughts another could commit, and soon put an end to the harangues she was making on her own care, skill, and fidelity:—"I come not, said the wife of Palamon, on the business you seem to think, yet which

no less requires your secrecy ;—I have no unhappy infant to leave with you, but am come to ease you of one you have lately taken charge of.”

The midwife looked very much surprised to hear her speak in this manner, and knew not well what answer to make ; but Amalina put an end to her suspense, by telling her, that she was in the secret of a lady, who was delivered of a child at her house such a time (which she mentioned exactly to her) and who had given fifty guineas to be eased for ever of the trouble of it —“ I am, said Amalina, a near relation of that gentleman to whom the little wretch owes its being, and who cannot consent, that any thing which does so, though begot in an unwarrantable way, should be deserted and exposed in the manner such children often are ;—I therefore desire, that, if alive, you will let me see it, that I may provide for it in a different way, than it can be expected you should do for the poor pittance left by the mother.”

The woman then began to expatiate on the impossibility of her taking the care she could wish to do with children left her on these terms ; but that heaven knew

she did all she could, and often laid out more than she received.—She assured her that the child she inquired after was alive and a fine boy, and that he was with a person who indeed nursed for the parish, but was a very good woman, and did her duty.

“ That may be, replied Amasina, but I must have him removed; and, if you can provide another, who can be depended on, I have orders from the father to satisfy you for your trouble, in a more ample manner than you can desire : in the mean time, continued she, putting five guineas into her hand, take this as an earnest, and let the child be brought here to-morrow about this time, by a new nurse, whom you can recommend, and I will give you a meeting.”

A great deal more discourse passed between them on this affair; on the conclusion of which the woman agreed to do whatever she desired of her; and was, doubtless, no less rejoiced at the offer made her by this unknown lady, than she herself was, that by this means she should preserve from misery an innocent creature, whom, though she had not seen, she felt

felt a kind of natural affection for, as being Palamon's.

The next day, this excellent pattern of good-nature and conjugal love took with her every thing proper for a child to wear, whom she was determined to make her own by adoption ; and no sooner saw him in his new nurse's arms, than she took him, embraced and kissed him with a tenderness little less than maternal ; and, having agreed upon terms for him, caused him to be dressed, in her presence, in the rich cloaths she had brought for him ; and, every thing being settled highly to the satisfaction of all parties, returned home, with a secret contentment in her mind which no words are able to express.

Nor was this a sudden start of goodness and generosity : for, the more she reflected on what she had done, the more pleasure she felt in it.—She never let a week pass over without going to see her charge, and how the person intrusted with him behaved. Had he been in reality her own, and heir of the greatest possessions, her diligence in looking after the management of him could not have been greater.

Palamon all this while persisted in his

attachment to Belinda, though her ill conduct gave him frequent occasions for quarrelling with her, and they were several times on the point of seeing each other no more. Their long intimacy however gave sufficient room for censure ; and those who were informed of their more guilty meetings in private, spoke with so little reserve on the occasion, that it became a publick talk.

Palamon's father, who was a person of great sobriety, and to whom the virtues of Amasina had rendered her extremely dear, chid his son in the severest manner ; and, on his denying what he was accused of, and throwing out some insinuations, as if he imagined his wife had uttered some complaints against him,—“ No, said the old gentleman, she bears the wrongs you do her with too much patience, and either sees not, or pretends not to see, what is obvious to the whole world besides.” He then ran into many encomiums on the sweetness of her disposition ; that whether her complaisance were owing either to an unsuspecting nature, or to her prudence in aiming to regain his love by such ways as were most likely to succeed, either of these qualities ought not to lose
their

their merit with a man of understanding;
 “ And, methinks, added he, should make you ashamed, as often as you reflect, that you have acted so as to oblige her to exert all her love and virtue to forgive.”

These kind of discourses did not lose all their effect on Palamon; and it is highly probable, that, in maturely balancing the solid merits of the wife, against the trifling allurements of the mistress, he would in time have brought himself to do justice to the one, and entirely cease to have any regard for the other; but the virtues of Amasina had already sustained a sufficient trial, and heaven thought fit to reward them, when she, so long inured to suffering, least expected a relief.

By accustoming herself to perform the duties of a mother to the child of Belinda, she grew really to love him as such; and what, at first, was only pity, converted by degrees into a tender affection.—When Palamon was abroad, she would often cause him to be brought to her, and, sending for her own at the same time, diverted herself with the grimaces which the two infants would make at each other. She was one day employed in this manner,

ner, when Palamon unexpectedly returned, and came directly into the room where they were.—Whatever indifference he had for his wife, he had always shewn the greatest tenderness to her son; and he now took him up to his arms and kissed him, as was his custom to do. “Here is another little one (said Amasina, smiling) who also claims some portion of your kindness,” and at the same time presented Belinda’s child to him. “By what right, Madam? replied Palamon in the same gay tone.—“As he is mine,” resumed his wife. “Yours! cried he.—“Yes (answered she) he is mine by adoption; and I must have you look upon him as your’s likewise.” “My complaisance for you may carry me great lengths, said he; but, as I know you do nothing without being able to give a reason, I should be glad to learn the motive of so extraordinary a request.”

One of the children beginning to cry a little, Amasina ordered the nurses to take them both into another room; and finding Palamon in an exceeding good humour, was pushed on, by an irresistible impulse, to speak to him in the following manner :

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“ The infant you saw, said she, in a more serious tone than before, and whom I have, in reality, taken under my care, owes its being to two persons of condition ; but being illegally begotten, the care of reputation prevailed over nature ; and this innocent produce of an unconsiderate passion I found abandoned, a wretched cast-away, either to perish, or, surviving, survive but to miseries much worse than death.—The thought was shocking to me, and I resolved to snatch him from the threatned woes, and provide for him out of my private purse, in such a manner as not to make life hateful to him.”

“ An action truly charitable,” said Palamon, a little perplexed ; “ but this is not the reason I expected, since by the same rule your pity might be extended to hundreds, whom, doubtless, you may find exposed in the like manner. It must, therefore, be some plea more forcible than mere compassion that attaches you particularly to this child.”

Amasina, who had foreseen what answer her husband would make, was, all the while he was speaking, debating within herself, whether it would be best for her
to

to evade, or to confess the truth of this affair; and not being able to determine as yet, appeared no less confused and disordered than she would have been, if about to make an acknowledgment for some great offence:—At last, “a plea there is, indeed, said she, but—;” here her voice and courage failed her, and she was utterly incapable to give him the satisfaction he asked.

Palamon was confounded beyond measure, and not knowing what to think of a behaviour so new, and which seemed to denote she laboured with some secret of great importance, he looked stedfastly on her for some minutes; and perceiving that she changed colour, and had her eyes fixed on the earth, grew quite impatient for the certainty of what, as he has since confessed, he then began to suspect, and cried out, “What plea? what mystery?”

“A mystery, replied she, which I had much rather you should guess at than oblige me to unravel.—Oh Palamon! continued she, after a pause, is there no instinct in nature that can inform you, my affection for the father makes his offspring, of whomsoever born, dear to me?—I cannot

not hate Belinda so much as I love Palamon; and, while I am performing the offices of a mother to this child, forget the share she has in him, to remember what I owe to him as your's."

The reader's own imagination must here supply the place of description.——Impossible is it for any words to give a just idea of what a husband, circumstanced like Palamon, must feel!——To have his fault thus palpably made known to her, whom he most desired should be ignorant of it,——to receive the highest obligations where he could have expected only resentment;——and to hear the detection of what he had done discovered to him by the injured person, in such a manner, as if herself, not he, had been the criminal,——so hurried his thoughts, between remorse, astonishment, and shame, as left him not the power of making the least reply to what she said:——He walked several turns about the room with a disordered motion, endeavouring to recover a presence of mind, which seemed so necessary on this occasion, but in vain; at last throwing himself into an easy chair, just opposite to that in which his wife was sitting, "Good God! cried he, am I awake!

wake!—Can it be possible there is such a woman in the world!”

The sweet-tempered Amasina could not see him in these agitations without concern, which made her almost repent her having occasioned them :—She ran hastily to him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, “ My dear, dear Palamon, said she, let it not trouble you that I am in possession of a secret which I neither sought after, nor, when in a manner forced upon me, ever divulged to any person in the world. Consider me as I am,—your wife,—part of your yourself,—and you will then be assured you can be guilty of no errors, which I shall not readily excuse, and carefully conceal.—Judge of my sincerity, continued she, renewing her embraces, by my behaviour, which you are sensible has not in the least been changed by my knowledge of this affair.”

“ O. Amasina! cried he, pressing her tenderly to his bosom, I am, indeed, sensible how little I have deserved such proofs of your amazing goodness ;—my soul overflows with gratitude and love :—yet, how can I atone for my past crime?”
—“ By mentioning it no more, interrupted

ted she, and to let me share in that heart my want of charms denies me the hope of filling wholly."

To these endearing words he answered only in broken sentences, but such as more testified what she wished to find in him towards her, than the most eloquent speeches could have done. She was now convinced that the victory she had gained over him was perfect and sincere, and would have known a transport without alloy, but for the tender pain it gave her to find so much difficulty in persuading him to forgive himself.

As he was desirous she should have nothing, for the future, to apprehend from Belinda, he immediately wrote a letter to that lady; wherein he acquainted her, that, sensible of the injury he had done the best of wives and women, he was determined to pursue no pleasures in which she did not participate. He represented to her the shame and folly of carrying on an intrigue of the nature their's had been, in the most pathetic terms; and advised her to think of living so as to gain her that reputation in the world, which he was obliged to confess, he had contributed to make her lose; assured her, that the resolution

solution he had now made of seeing her no more, was not to be shaken by any arguments in her power to make use of; therefore, begged she would endeavour to follow his example, and forget all that had passed between them.

Though he desired no answer, he received one, filled with the most virulent reproaches on himself, and mingled with many contemptuous reflections on his wife. The first he was unmoved at; but the other totally destroyed all the remains of regard and consideration he had for her. He tore the letter into a thousand pieces, and, to shew this injurious lady the contempt and resentment with which he had treated what she said, gathered up the scattered fragments, and sent them back to her under a sealed cover, but without writing a word.

Thus ended his amour with Belinda; but the happy Amasina enjoyed the recompence of her virtue in the continued tenderness of a husband, who never could have loved her half so well, had he not loved elsewhere, because he never could have had an opportunity of being so well acquainted with those virtues in her, which were the ground of his affections.

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The compassion she had shewn for the child of Belinda; was not a temporary start of goodness; she persisted in the most tender care of him, had him educated in the same manner with her own, and, to alleviate the misfortune of his birth, engaged Palamon to set apart a considerable sum of money, in order to put him into a genteel and profitable business.



The Knighthood of Sir LOIN.

AS once returning from the chace,
The second *Charles*, the merry
king,

The glories of whose sacred race
The muse shall ever love to sing;

Now wearied with the sport he lov'd,
And faint with toil, and faint with heat,
Dejected look'd, and slowly mov'd,
And long'd to rest, and long'd to eat.

Sudden before his wand'ring eyes
A banquet unexpected stood;

The

The monarch gaz'd with glad surprize,
And 'gan to taste the welcome food.

Proud of his lov'd, his royal guest,
The noble host a gallant lord,
With various dainties grac'd the feast,
And gay profusion crown'd the board,

But high above the rest appear'd
The hungry *Briton's* old relief,
Its mighty bulk exalting rear'd
The yet unhonour'd loin of beef.

With ravish'd eye the king beheld,
Eat as he ne'er had eat before;
Too soon the rage of hunger quell'd,
And griev'd that he could eat no more.

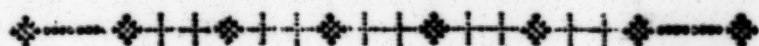
But soon with mighty spirits gay,
Such as alone from beef could spring,
The mighty pleasure to repay,
Aloud proclaim'd the enraptur'd king;

Be thou for ever lov'd, and great,
As my delight, be thy just fame;
Thy praises ev'ry tongue repeat,
And *SIR* eternal grace thy name,

He said, and drew the royal sword:
Th' applauding croud uprose around,

SIR

SIR LOIN with acclamations roar'd
And distant echoes catch the sound.



THE FATAL INDIFFERENCE :

*Or, The interesting History of Mrs MATILDA
MARKHAM. Printed from her own Ma-
nuscript.*

I Was the only daughter of a Gentle-
man, who held an employment under
the Government, that amounted to 500l.
a year; yet though this employment was
his principal dependance, and though he
was always under a necessity of appearing
rather elegantly in the world, still no care
was omitted to give his favourite Matilda
a finished education. I was therefore in-
structed at an early period in French and
Italian, was taught all the fashionable nee-
dleworks that keep a young woman regu-
larly employed, without answering any
one purpose of real utility, and made such
a mistress of the harpsichord before I at-
tained my fourteenth year, that I was
considered by the Connoisseurs on this in-
strument, as a kind of musical miracle :
Add

Add to all these accomplishments, that I sung with some voice and much taste, danced with remarkable grace, and possessed a person which was the incessant object of general adulation.

In giving this picture of myself I shall not be suspected of vanity, because at the very period I am speaking of, I was much more intitled to pity than to praise ; my education had been elegant, but no way useful, and it rather served to encrease my pride, than to enlarge my understanding——instead of teaching me to be chearful, humble, and obliging, it rendered me sullen, froward, and capricious, and therefore instead of modestly endeavouring to obtain the esteem of those with whom I conversed, I laid an insolent claim to their admiration.——My poor father, who imagined the world beheld me with the eyes of his own partiality, rather encouraged, than discountenanced the extraordinary value which I set upon my own accomplishments, and neglected the cultivation of my mind, though he hourly sacrificed to my vanity—He fancied that the knowledge of a language or two, would necessarily give me good sense, and believed the turn of my disposition must
be

be right, because I sung prettily, and made a figure at my harpsichord.—Alas ! how severely has experience convinced me that a single scruple of discretion outweighs all the benefits to be reaped from the French or the Italian ; and how heartily do I wish that the hours which have been so prodigally lavished in the attainment of mere embellishments, had been wisely employed in the less fashionable studies of regulating a family.

Wishes, however, will not, to use the forcible language of a modern writer, ‘ Roll back the flood of never ebbing time,’ and therefore from useless exclamation I shall proceed with the simple narration of facts.—Notwithstanding my boundless vanity, and notwithstanding the well known slenderness of my father’s circumstances, I had several advantageous matches proposed to me before I reached my eighteenth year: but these were in general disregarded, both because no impression had been made upon my heart, and because I fancied my wonderful merits would at any time procure me a husband with an affluent fortune: At length Mr. Markham, who had acquired a prodigious property as a Commissary during the late

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war, making overtures, my father thought it prudent to consent, and as I had no objection to Mr. Markham's person or manner, we were married in a few weeks, and I found myself mistress of a magnificent house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square.

Being thus happily settled, and indulged in every wish of my heart by Mr. Markham, my pride soon broke out into the most excessive extravagance, and I grew wholly indifferent to every enjoyment but my rage for admiration.—In vain my husband exerted every argument of tenderness, and every act of generosity, to shew me the folly, nay the danger of my pursuit.—His remonstrances I construed into insolence, and imagined he was sufficiently happy in the possession of so invaluable a treasure as myself, without putting a disagreeable restraint upon my inclinations.—The truth was, he had married me from a principle of affection, and I had given him my hand entirely from motives of vanity.—He expected to have his passion returned with transport, and I looked for a continual round of glitter and dissipation.—He pined to have me more at home, and I sickened for every

ry

ry fashionable amusement.—The consequence at last was, that he became gloomy in proportion as I grew indifferent, and this gloominess appearing, in my conception of things, very ungrateful, I determined to punish it as much as possible, by engaging myself abroad in an endless round of pleasure, and by making little more than a sleeping place of his house.

In this manner matters continued almost two years, during which time we had two children; but the maternal duties were much too vulgar for a woman of my superior accomplishments, therefore I did not honour home the more with my presence on account of this increase in my family.—Notwithstanding my continual engagements abroad, however, I was about this time informed of a circumstance which extremely mortified my vanity——and this was, that Mr. Markham and my woman, who was a very likely girl, had frequent meetings at a milliner's, in one of the bye-streets of our neighbourhood.—Though I never felt any tenderness for Mr. Markham, this intelligence gave my pride a very sensible mortification: However indifferent I might be about him, there was no supporting the i-

dea of his infidelity to me; I could bear to see him miserable by my negligence, but it was intolerable to think of his being attached to any body else—it was a treason against the majesty of my merit, and I determined in a fatal hour to be amply revenged on the criminal.——O ye daughters of reputation, beware of exerting a false resentment, even where the perfidy of your husbands may be evident. —Let not his errors lead you into actual crimes, nor madly make a sacrifice of your own happiness, and your own character; through a ridiculous notion of retaliating your wrongs—you can suffer no distress that will equal a fall into infamy. The affliction of the innocent is an Elysium compared to the anguish of the guilty, and the stroke of calamity is always keen in proportion to the consciousness of having deserved it. Had I prudently considered this, while the consideration could have been useful, my bloom of life would not now be chilled by the blasts of shame, nor had the storm of reproach rooted up all the flattering prospect of my future felicity—the sunshine of tranquillity would have smiled upon my morning, and my evening would have been wholly unim-

bitte 1ed

bittered with tears.—But, alas! I must repent where I ought to reconcile; and instead of recovering my husband's affection, I must excite his detestation. It is unnecessary to explain myself farther. 'Tis needless to tell you, that there are men enough to flatter a woman who has youth and a passable person. This was unhappily my case, and in the rash, the wretched moment of my indignation at Mr. Markham's infidelity, some Dæmon rendered a professed admirer of mine so very importunate, that I listened to him from motives of revenge, and yielding to his solicitations on purpose to punish my husband, was utterly undone.

The inconsiderate, the unpardonable step I had taken was not long concealed, nor did it ever strike me, till it was published, that without making my infamy universally known, I could enjoy no triumph over poor Mr. Markham. It was however no sooner known, which was in a few days, through the vanity of my paramour, than I was overwhelmed not only with disgrace, but with remorse—and discovered that my resentment against my unfortunate husband was as unjustly founded, as the fatal indifference which

originally gave birth to my crime.—Mr. Markham, indeed, had frequent meetings with my woman at the milliner's I have mentioned; but these meetings were perfectly innocent, nay they were perfectly laudable; the round of amusements in which I was constantly engaged, and the avidity with which I listened to every coxcomb that offered up incense at the shrine of my vanity, had for a long time filled him with doubts of my honour, and he naturally enough imagined, that she, who disdained to preserve the appearance of reputation, would entertain but little regard for the reality—Actuated by a belief of this nature, and supposing that my woman must necessarily be my confidant, in case of any illicit correspondence, he had frequent appointments with her at the Milliner's, not chusing, for fear of suspicion, to converse with her privately in his own house.—Thus the very measures he took to save me from ruin became material causes of my destruction; and thus by the preposterous pride of a wretch, who was wholly unworthy of him, the happiness of his family was eternally blasted, while he earnestly laboured for its restoration.

Had

Had the unhappy consequences however terminated here, I think it would have been possible for a life of penitence to give me some distant idea of comfort, and the disgrace to which I am justly cast out, might be considered as a kind of expiation for my crime—but, alas! the guilt of infidelity was to be attended with blood, and Mr. Markham was not only to be ruined in his peace, but my father!—Oh, Sir, the recollection, the bare recollection of the miseries which my infamy has produced, almost drives me into madness; and I am astonished that the laws do not cut off such monsters as myself from the face of society.—Mighty God, look down upon me with an eye of compassion—these tears are not the tears of disappointed pride; nor are these tresses now torn from my miserable head, because my vanity is no longer to be indulged.—No, the anguish of my soul is now the genuine result of contrition; and I will hope for pardon in the future world, though I neither can look for tranquillity or forgiveness in this:—but to go on.

The instant that my perfidy reached Mr Markham's ears he flew to me, (I was

then in my dressing-room) and in a tone of the utmost despair exclaimed, " O Matilda! What have I done to deserve this? —Was it not enough to destroy my repose, without murdering my reputation ; or if you had no regard for my honour, why were you lost to all pity for your helpless innocents? they have never offended, though I may unhappily have displeased, and they were intitled to some little compassion, though no pity whatsoever might be due to me :—but, Madam, continued he, raising his voice into a fierceness that petrified me, though you have made me wretched, you shall not make me contemptible—this moment you must quit my house, nor shall you enter my habitation more—the unhappy little ones will be carefully attended to, but they shall be taught to forget every trace of a mother who has covered them with infamy, and planted daggers in the bosom of their unfortunate father."—Saying this he hurried out, while I fainted in the arms of my woman, and remained so wholly senseless for several hours, that my recovery was entirely despaired of.

On recovering the use of my senses, O what a misfortune is the power of recollection

lection to the wretched ! I was removed in obedience to Mr. Markham's positive order. to my father's.—Here instead of receiving consolation I was to look for the keenest of all reproach ; but contrary to my expectations, the voice that hailed me was the voice of pity, and the venerable author of my being was almost in the agonies of death, as they led me trembling to his apartment.—He had been for a long time confined by the gout, and this unlooked-for calamity throwing it instantly into his stomach beyond the power of medicine, he lay patiently waiting for the moment of dissolution.—On my entrance he was raised up in his bed, where he held forth his trembling hands, and with some difficulty articulated, “ O Matilda, forgive your dying father—it was my mistaken manner of education that has ruined my unhappy child !” He could utter no more—his pangs came on him too fast, and he expired before they could convey me from the dreadful scene to another room.—Here I was seized with a violent fever, and lay delirious several days.—When the violence of my disorder was somewhat abated—I enquired—I ventured to enquire, after Mr. Markham and

my poor children—the accounts I received were flattering, and greatly forwarded my recovery—but my health was no sooner re-established, than I found these accounts to be entirely the pious frauds of friendship, and calculated only to hasten my amendment.—The truth was, Mr. Markham had been obliged to fly for killing the wretched partner of my guilt, in a duel, and he took the two children with him—where he had taken refuge nobody could tell me, nor have I to this hour discovered the place of his retreat.—His house, his estates, his property in the funds, were all converted into money; and once a year I receive a cover containing a note for two hundred pounds,—it comes from his appointment I am well convinced, but there is no possibility of tracing him, though it is now seven years since he justly spurned me from his protection ———

O that he knew the anguish of my heart, or heard that my time is wholly passed in solitude and tears.—O that he would bless me with one look at my poor children.—’Tis true their mother is a scandal to them, and the mention of her name must tinge their young cheeks with an instant glow of indignation—but my sweet
babes

babes—my lovely little ones, though your mother is an outcast—though she is a wretch, she feels for you with the keenest sensibility, and would sacrifice her life with joy to be convinced that you are in health and security,—she must not dare to indulge the hope of ever seeing your highly injured father—that happiness she has eternally forfeited—could she, however, clasp you for a moment, a single moment to her agonizing bosom, she would,—O Mr. Markham, if this paper should happily fall into your hands, bestow one charitable thought upon a creature now humbled in the dust, and bleeding with the deepest contrition for her crime—as a wife she does not presume to mention herself—nor means to address your tenderness, but to implore your humanity—have pity on her, therefore, dear Sir—only say that you are well yourself, and that your children are in safety, and if the prayers of such a monster to the throne of Mercy can be any way efficacious, the little remnant of her unfortunate life shall be employed in supplicating that happiness for you and yours both here and hereafter, which she can never enjoy in this world, and which

without your forgiveness she may possibly
 forfeit in the next.

MATILDA MARKHAM.



A L L E N

AND

E L L A.

A FRAGMENT.

ON the banks of that crystalline stream
 Where *Thames*, oft, his current
 delays ;

And charms, more than poets can dream
 In his *Richmond's* bright villa surveys ;

Fair *Ella!* of all the gay throng
 The fairest that nature had seen,
 Now, drew ev'ry village along,
 From the day she first danc'd on the
 green.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond pow'r,
 For short is the triumph, ye fair!

Not

Not fleeter the bloom of each flow'r;
And hope is but gilded despair.

His affection each swain, now, behold
By riches endeavours to prove !
But *Ella* stills cries what is gold,
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes! *Allen*, together, we'll wield
Our sickles in summer's bright day;
Together we'll leaze o'er the field,
And smile all our labours away.

In winter I'll winnow the wheat
As it falls from thy flail on the ground:
That flail will be music as sweat,
When thy voice in the labour is
drown'd.

How oft would he speak of his bliss!
How oft would he call her his maid!
And *Allen* would seal with a kiss
Ev'ry promise and vow that he made.

But! hark! o'er the grass-level land,
The village bells sound on the plain;
Falle *Allen* this morn gave his hand,
And *Ella's* fond tears are in vain.

Sad *Ella*, too soon, heard the tale!

Too soon the sad cause she was told!

That his was a nymph of the vale:

That he broke his fond promise for
gold.

As she walk'd by the margin so green,

Which befringes the sweet river's side,
How oft', was she languishing seen!

How oft', would she gaze on the tide!

By the clear river, then, as she sat,

Which reflected herself and the mead;
Awhile! she bewept her sad fate,

And the green turf, still, pillow'd her
head!

There, there! is it *Ella*, I see?

'Tis *Ella*, the lost, undone maid!

Ah! no, 'tis some *Ella*, like me,

Some haplets young virgin betray'd!

Like me! she has sorrow'd and wept;

Like me! she has, fondly, believ'd;

Like me! her true promise she kept,

And, like me, too, is justly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!

Gay scenes and fond pleasures, adieu!

I come! and we'll gather relief
From bosoms so chaste and so true!

Like you, I have mourn'd the long night:
And wept out the day, in despair!
Like you, I have banish'd delight,
And bosom'd a friend in my care.

Ye meadows, so lovely, farewell,
Your velvet, still, *Allen* shall tread!
All deaf to the sound of that knell
Which tolls for his *Ella* when dead.

Your wish will, too sure! be obey'd;
Nor, *Allen* her loss shall bemoan!
Soon, soon! shall poor *Ella* be laid
Where her heart shall be cold as your
own.

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair,
Whose wealth has been *Ella's* sad fate,
As, together, ye draw the free air,
And a thousand dear pleasures relate:

If chance, o'er my turf, as you tread,
Ye dare to affect a fond sigh!
The primrose will shrink her pale head,
And the violet languish and die.

Ah!

Ah ! weep not, fond maid ! 'tis in vain ;
 Like the tears which you lend to the
 stream ;
 Tears are lost in that watery plain ;
 And your sighs are still lost upon him.

Scarce echo had gather'd the sound,
 But she plung'd from her grafs spring-
 ing bed :
 The liquid stream parts to the ground,
 And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The swains of the village at eve,
 Oft meet at the dark-spreading yew ;
 There wonder how man could deceive
 A bosom so chaste, and so true.

With garlands, of every flow'r,
 (Which *Ella* herself should have made)
 They raise up a short-living bow'r ;
 And, sighing, cry, " Peace to her
 shade ! "

Then, hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move
 The green platting hillock around,
 They talk of poor *Ella*, and love,
 And freshen, with tears, the fair
 ground.

Nay,

Nay, wish they had never been born,
 Or liv'd the sad moment to view,
 When her *Allen* could thus be foresworn,
 And his *Ella* could still be so true.



THE FRAIL

P R O J E C T

O F A

W I S E M A N.

[Translated from the French.]

MEMNON took it into his head to resolve upon the very important project of becoming perfectly wise; not a few men but have been at some seasons of life infected with the like weakness. Said Memnon to himself, in order to become entirely wise, and consequently entirely happy, it is first necessary to gain a compleat conquest over the passions, and I have been told that nothing is more easy.

In the first place, I am determined never to be infected with the love of women;

men; when I behold a perfect beauty I will say to myself, those cheeks will one day or other become wrinkled, and their dimples be smothered in the ruins of time; those fine eyes, deprived of their lustre, will then be bleared and hollow; that well-turned neck will be shriveled, those rising breasts will decay and fall, and those flowing ringlets will drop away. I have nothing to do but to present this prospect to my imagination as it really will be, and to shut out from my thoughts the idea of what it is, and then assuredly the finest head will not turn mine.

In the second place, I resolve to be always sober, I will not suffer myself to partake of luxurious repasts, or delicious wines, and the allurements of society. I have only to represent to myself the consequences of intemperance, an aching head, an overcharged stomach; the loss of reason, health and time; therefore I will only eat when hunger calls; my health will not be interrupted, my ideas will be always clear and enlightened——All this is so easy, and at the same time so salutary, that no kind of merit can be claimed by an adherence to it.

Conclusively,

Conclusively, said Memnon, it is necessary to think a little of my fortune; my desires are moderate, my money is securely placed in the hands of the receiver-general of the finances of Ninive. I have sufficient to live in a state of independence; which is the most solid of all satisfactions. I shall not be reduced to the irksome necessity of paying my court to the great. I shall not envy any one, and no one will envy me: there is no difficulty in all this.

I have friends, continued he; I shall certainly preserve them, because they will have nothing to dispute with me; therefore I shall have no reason to be out of humour with them, nor they with me ——— All these things then are fairly settled.

After having calmly laid down this rational plan of wisdom in his chamber, Memnon placed himself carelessly at the window. He observed two women walking under the plantain trees before his house. The one was old and appeared unconcerned; the other was young, handsome, and seemed greatly oppressed. She sighed, then wept, and her tears only added to her graces. The wise man was touched,

touched, not in the least at the beauty of the fair mourner, (he was incapable of a weakness of that nature) but at the affliction in which she was plunged. He descended, and accosted the young Ninivienne with a design to console her with some sage precepts. The distressed fair one, with an air quite natural and affecting, recounted the injuries she had received from an uncle who had never existed, and with what artifice he had found means to deprive her of an estate she never possessed, and above all things expressed her apprehensions lest he should offer violence to her person. "You appear to me," said she, "a person of such discretion, that if you will have the condescension to go with me to my apartment, and give yourself the trouble to examine into the nature of my distresses, I am well assured that it will be in your power to extricate me from the difficulties I labour under. Memnon did not hesitate at the proposal, but agreed to follow her, to examine cautiously into the state of her affairs, and to assist her with prudent counsel.

The afflicted lady ushered him into an elegant apartment, and entreated him in
polite

polite terms to repose himself upon a large sofa. They placed themselves cross legged opposite to each other. The fair one mingled tears and words with downcast eyes, which she never raised without encountering the attentive glances of the wise Memnon. Her discourse was extremely affecting, and the more so each time she looked upon him. Memnon took her affairs extremely to heart, and perceived in himself from moment to moment, an encreasing inclination to serve a person at once so worthy and so unhappy. They had approached insensibly towards each other in the heat of conversation; their legs were no longer crossed; Memnon counselled her so closely, and gave his advice in a manner so tender, that neither the one nor the other could speak longer of business. Affairs were in this situation when the uncle arrived. Guess then their confusion. He was compleatly armed; his first words declared his resolution to make a sacrifice of the wife Memnon and his niece; the last that escaped him, signified that it was possible to obtain a pardon for a considerable sum of money. Memnon was reduced to give
all

all he had about him, and thought himself happy to get so well off.

Memnon, confounded and dismayed, returned home, where he found a card to invite him to dinner with some intimate friends. "If I stay at home and alone," said he, "my spirits will be depressed with my unfortunate adventure; I shall not eat, and probably fall into a fit of sickness; it is therefore much better to go among my friends and make a frugal repast. The agreeableness of their society will banish the remembrance of the folly I have committed this morning."

He went to the place appointed, the company observed he was melancholy, and prevailed upon him to drink to cheer his spirits: a little wine used moderately is refreshing to the mind and body. Thus thought the wise Memnon, and thus reflected he till he became drunk. Dinner over, play was proposed: well regulated play among friends is an innocent method of passing time. They played, Memnon lost all his purse contained, and four times the sum upon his word. A dispute arose about the game, the parties grew hot, and one of his friends threw a stool at the head of the wise Memnon,

Memnon, and struck out one of his eyes. He returned home drunk, moneyless, and, what was more—had left an eye behind him. When he had slept himself sober, and got clear of the fumes of the wine, he dispatched his valet to the receiver-general of the finances of Ninive to bring him a sum of money to discharge the debt to his intimate friends. News was brought him that the receiver-general had that morning made a fraudulent bankruptcy to the ruin of a hundred families. Memnon, in a fit of distraction, with a plaister on his eye, and a memorial in his hand, posted to court, to demand justice of the king against the bankrupt. Here he closely attended a favourite moment to throw himself at the feet of the monarch, who no sooner appeared than his suppliant humbling himself to the earth held out his memorial. His gracious majesty received it very favourably, and delivered it to one of the chief Lords in waiting to give him an account of it. The Lord drew Memnon aside, and, with an air of haughtiness, smiling contemptuously, said to him: “you are sure a most ridiculous and familiar fool to address yourself to the king rather than to me; and yet
more

more so to demand justice against an honest bankrupt whom I honour with my protection, and who is the nephew of my mistress's waiting woman: discontinue this business, my friend, if you have any regard for your safety or the eye that remains in your head."

Thus Memnon, who, in the morning, had renounced all commerce with the fair sex, the excesses of the table, of gaming, quarrelling, and above all things, the court; had before night been jilted and robbed by a strumpet, got drunk, gamed, and lost his money; entered into a broil, had one of his eyes knocked out by his friend, was deprived of his fortune by a bankruptcy in the moment he thought it most secure, and had been at court, where he had suffered contempt, derision, threats and disappointment.

Terrified, astonished, and overwhelmed with grief, he returned homewards; and, with a sad heart, was about to enter his house, but found the doors flopt up by officers who were removing his effects. He retired and stood almost motionless under a plantain tree, from whence he perceived his distressed damsel walking with her gentle uncle; both of them burst into

into an immoderate fit of laughter when they beheld the plaister upon his eye, and left him to his reflections. Night came on, Memnon threw himself upon some straw under the walls of his house; he was seized with a fever; but nature wearied out, at last gave way to sleep, and a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

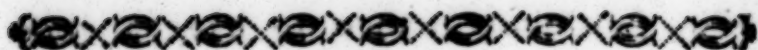
The form was surrounded with a resplendent light. It had six beautiful wings, but was without head or feet, and resembled nothing. "What art thou?" said Memnon. "Thy good genius," answered the other. "Restore me my eye then, my house, my fortune, my wisdom," returned Memnon, recounting to him in what manner he had lost all those in one day. "These are mischances that never happen in the region we inhabit," said the spirit. "What sort of a world do you inhabit then?" said the afflicted man in the straw. "My country," replied he, "is five hundred millions of leagues from the sun, in a light star which you may discern south-east from hence." "O! what, a fine country it is!" says Memnon. "What, have you no impostors there who delude the innocent? no intimate friends who cheat folks of their money, and after-

G

wards

wards knock their eyes out? no fraudulent bankrupts? no great men in power, who deride, threaten, and refuse you justice?" "No," said the inhabitant of the star, "nothing of all this. We are never deceived by women, because we have none; we have no epicurism among us, because we never eat; we have no bankrupts, for we have neither gold nor silver; no one can knock another's eye out in a race without heads; no great individual can exercise injustice towards another among those who are all equals." "But then, my Lord," said Memnon, "without wife, and without dinner, how do you pass your time?" "In watching," said the Genii, "over the other globes that are intrusted to us; therefore I now come to give you consolation." "Alas!" replied Memnon, "why did not you come then the night before last to prevent my running into so many follies?" "I was then close to your elder brother, d'Afan," said the protector from the star. "He is in a more piteous plight than yourself. His gracious majesty, the king of the Indies, at whose court he was, deprived him of both his eyes for a trifling indiscretion; and he is now actually in a dungeon; his hands

hands and feet loaded with irons." "To what purpose is it then to have a good genius in one's family," said Memnon, "if, of two brothers, the youngest is deprived of one eye, and the other of both; the one is upon straw, and the other in a prison?" "Thy condition will be changed," replied the spirit; "it is true you will be always without an eye; but, to make amends, you will be tolerably happy, provided you do not attempt to renew the chimerical project of becoming perfectly wise." "Is it then possible to attain to that degree of perfection?" cried Memnon with a sigh. "As impossible," returned the other, "as it is to be perfectly ingenious, perfectly strong, perfectly powerful, or perfectly happy."



A D V I C E
TO THE
L A D I E S;
OR, THE
A R T T O P L E A S E.

- ‘ **A** TTEND, ye, fair, while I impart
‘ The secret how to please;
‘ The rudiments of beauty’s art
‘ Are short, and only these:
‘ All flattery learn betimes to shun,
‘ Not once that Syren hear;
‘ Know, praise for virtues not your own,
‘ Is satire most severe.
‘ Flattery, the Lethe of the soul,
‘ No science leaves behind——
‘ Worse than the fell Circean bowl,
‘ It poisons all the mind.
‘ ’Tis not in gold, bright sparkling stone,
‘ Or brighter sparkling eyes,
‘ The value of the fair is known,
‘ For these the good despise.

‘ What

- ' What tho' the Spring's Elyſian glow
 ' On either cheek were ſeen,
 ' Or whiter than the virgin ſnow
 ' Your neck's pellucid ſkin :
 ' Yet pride, or affectation, theſe
 ' Will more than age deform,
 ' And envy, worſe than pale diſeaſe,
 ' Shall wither every charm.
 ' True wit exiſts but with good nature,—
 ' The parent of politeneſs ;
 ' Let that illuminate every feature,
 ' And lend the eye its brightneſs.
 ' Virtue is grace and dignity,
 ' 'Tis more than royal blood,
 ' A gem the world's too poor to buy;—
 ' Would you be fair?—be good.'



*Anecdote of the late King of Spain, and a young
Gascoin Lady.*

PHILIP V. the late king of Spain, being at Bourdeaux, and dining in public during his ſtay, people of all ſorts had an opportunity of ſeeing him. Among the reſt, there were ſeveral ladies of good quality, and with them a young

Gascoin lady, about eighteen years of age, who drew near the king's table. She was well grown, of a majestic, lively countenance, exceeding neatly dressed; and besides all this, she had something charming in her air, which particularly distinguished her from all others of her sex that were about the young monarch. The king, without any ceremony, took a dish of sweet-meats and turned them into her apron. She received his majesty's present with surprizing modesty; but could not forbear blushing, which increased her charms, and made her admired by all the spectators. The young king smiled upon her, and signified, by the many tender glances with which he beheld her, the impressions that she had made upon his heart.

As the fair one could not, without confusion, bear her part in this scene, she thought proper to withdraw. His majesty losing the sight of her, whispered to one of his pages, and bid him inform himself of the name and abode of this beauty. The repast being ended, the king retired into his closet, where he wrote a billet-doux, and gave it to his page to carry to the lady, who was so suddenly become

become the object of his passion. The billet ran thus:

“ Love reigns in the hearts of kings, as well as in those of their subjects: he knows no power superior to his own, and the greatest monarchs in the world glory in their submission to his empire. You may think it strange, my dear, that I am affected with the charms of your person. I beg of you one hour’s interview, wherein I may shew you the excess of my affection, &c.”

The king, in giving this billet to the page, gave him, at the same time, a rich diamond, with orders to present it, in his name, with the billet, to the young lady. The trusty page punctually executed his majesty’s commands. The fair Gascoin read the king’s tender billet, and received his present. As she was of a sprightly genius, she immediately sent to his majesty the following letter:

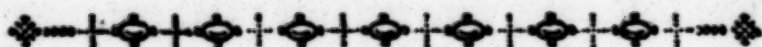
S I R,

“ I assure you, that if love reigns over the hearts of kings, as it does over those of the least of their subjects; virtue, constancy, and fidelity, reign also among women of mean birth, as well as a-

mong queens. I return your majesty my hearty thanks for the tender love that you have conceived of me, and yet more for the declaration that you have made, in the billet you have been pleased to give yourself the trouble of writing to me. Perhaps, great prince, if I had been descended from the blood of queens and sovereign princeesses, you would not have regarded me. Sir, as I have already engaged my fidelity to a lover, to whom I have promised marriage, I beg your majesty to dispense with this interview, which cannot but be fatal to my virtue.

“ Nevertheless, Sir, I will keep your fine diamond, as a precious token of the love which it has pleased so great a monarch to honour me with, at a time when I cannot answer him but with sighs and regrets.”

CARE



C A R E

A N D

G E N E R O S I T Y.

A T A L E.

OLD Care, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his
part ;

He heap'd up such an ample store,
That Av'rice could not sigh for more ;
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold ;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crouded graneries groan,
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain ;
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd ;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free,
Her name was Generosity.

'Twas her's the largess to bestow
 On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
 Her doors to all were open'd wide,
 The pilgrim there might safe abide:
 For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
 The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
 There sickness laid her aching head,
 And there distress could find a bed—
 Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
 Diffus'd she blessings round the land:
 Her gifts and glory lasted long,
 And numerous was th' accepting throng.
 At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
 And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
 She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend—
 All curs'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before;
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
 When lo! to comfort her came Care,—
 And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
 Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
 All will be well—you shall have store,
 And I be plagu'd with Wealth no more.—
 Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
 You still shall act the generous part.—
 The Bridal came—great was the feast,
 And good the pudding and the priest;
The

The bride in nine moons brought him
forth

A little maid of matchless worth :

Her face was mix'd of Care and Glee,

They christen'd her OEconomy,

And stiled her fair Discretion's Queen,

The mistress of the golden mean.

Now Generosity confin'd,

Is perfect easy in her mind ;

She loves to give, yet knows to spare,

Nor wishes to be free from Care.

*A singular Example of Magnanimity and Mo-
deration in Revenge.*

ALiverdi, Generalissimo of the armies of Abbas the Great, King of Persia, and his prime minister, was as good a general, and as able a politician, as he was amiable in the capacity of a courtier. From the constant serenity of his countenance, it was judged that nothing could ruffle the calmness of his heart ; and virtue displayed itself in him so gracefully and so naturally, that it was supposed to be his natural temper. An extraor-

dinary incident obliged the world to do him justice, and place him in the rank he deserved.

One day, as he was shut up in his closet, bestowing on affairs of state the hours which other men devote to sleep, a courier, quite out of breath, came in and told him that an Armenian, followed by a posse of friends, had, in the night, surprized his palace at Amandabat, destroyed all the most valuable furniture in it, and would have carried off his wife and children, doubtless, to make slaves of them, had not the domestics, when the first fright was over, made head against him. The courier added, that a bloody skirmish ensued, in which the servants had the advantage at last; that the Armenian's friends were all killed upon the spot, but that their leader was taken alive. 'I thank thee, Ossali,* cried Aliverdi, for affording me the means to revenge so enormous an attempt.' 'What! whilst I make a sacrifice of my days and repose to the good of Persia; while, through my cares and toils, the meanest Persian subject lives secure

* The Prophet most revered by the Persians next to Mahomet.

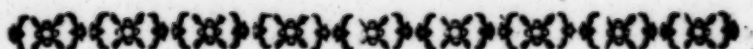
secure from injustice and violence, shall an audacious stranger come to injure me in what is most dear to me ! Let him be thrown into a dungeon, give him a quantity of wretched food sufficient to preserve him for the torments to which I destine him.' The courier withdrew, charged with these orders, to those who had the Armenian in custody.

But Aliverdi, growing cool again, cried out, ' What is it, O God, that I have done ? Is it thus I maintain the glory of so many years ? Shall one single moment eclipse all my virtue ! That stranger has cruelly provoked me ; but what impelled him to it ? No man commits evil merely for the pleasure of doing it : there is always a motive which passion or prejudice presents to us under the mask of equity ; and it must needs be some motive of this kind that blinded the Armenian to the dreadful consequences of his attempt. Doubtless, I must have injured the wretch.'

He dispatches immediately an express to Amindabat, with an order, under his own hand, not to make the prisoner feel any other hardship than the privation of liberty. Tranquil after this act of moderation,

ration, he applied himself again to public business till he should have leisure to sift this particular case to the bottom. From the strict inquiries he ordered to be made, he learned that one of his inferior officers had done very considerable damage to the Armenian, considering the mediocrity of his fortune; and that he himself had slighted the complaints brought against him. Eased by his discovery, he called for the Armenian, whose countenance expressed more confusion than terror, and passed this sentence upon him :

‘ Vindictive stranger, there were some grounds for thy resentment; thou didst think I had justly incurred thy hatred; I forgive thee the injury thou hast done me. But thou hast carried thy vengeance to excess; thou hast attacked a man whom thou oughtest to respect; nay, thou hast attempted to make thy vengeance fall upon innocent heads, and therefore I ought to punish thee. Go then, reflect in solitude on the wretchedness of a man that gives full swing to his passions. Thy punishment, which justice requires of me, will be sufficiently tempered with my clemency, till thy repentance may permit me to shorten the term.’



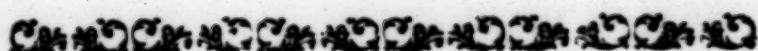
T H E
N I G H T I N G A L E
C A U G H T.
A F A B L E.

HOW few, with patience, can endure
The evils they themselves procure!
A Nightingale, with snares beset,
At last was taken in a net:
When first she found her wings confin'd,
She beat and flutter'd in the wind;
Still thinking she could fly away,
Still hoping to regain the spray:
But finding there was no retreat,
Her little heart with anger beat:
Nor did it aught abate her rage,
To be transmitt'd to a cage;
The wire apartment, tho' commodious,
To her appear'd excessive odious;
And tho' it furnish'd drink and meat,
She car'd not, for she cou'd not eat.
'Twas not supplying her with food,
She lik'd to gather it from the wood;

And

And water clear, her thirst to slake,
 She chose to sip it from the lake :
 And when she sung herself to rest,
 'Twas in what hedge she lik'd the best.
 And thus, because she was not free,
 Hating the chain of slavery,
 She rather added link to link ;
 Just so men reach misfortune's brink.
 At length, revolving on her state,
 She cries, I might have met worse fate,
 Been seiz'd by kites, or prowling cat,
 Or stifled in a school-boy's hat ;
 Or been the first unlucky mark,
 Sure hit by some fantastic spark.
 Then conscience told her want of care
 Had made her fall into the snare ;
 That men were free their nets to throw,
 And birds were free to come or go ;
 And all the evils she lamented
 By caution might have been prevented.
 So on her perch more pleas'd she stood,
 And peck'd the kindly offer'd food ;
 Resolv'd with patience to endure
 Ills she had brought, but could not cure.

THE



T H E

UNFORTUNATE DAUGHTER ;

A

M O R A L T A L E .

LADY Harriet Stanhope joined to the advantages of birth the prospect of an ample fortune and the most engaging accomplishments. Her very look and gesture breathed a charm which even beauty cannot impart, a sensibility which is more frequently the source of pain than of pleasure. Her heart was formed for love. She was in her cradle when she lost a mother by whom she was idolized. The Earl Stanhope, her father, educated her himself ; and though she was dear to him as his life, he yet never spoke to her, but in the rigid tone of a master. Lady Harriet could never look at him without trembling. To the severity of his disposition his Lordship added an intolerable pride. He thought that no man under the rank of Nobility would presume to address

address his daughter ; and he never once conceived that Lady Harriet would feel the impression of love till she had received the sanction of his authority ; amazing prepossession ! as if the heart could expand or contract itself at the command of a parent.

Mr. Bedford, a merchant of credit, and a Member of one of the Cornish boroughs, frequently waited upon the Earl. His son occasionally accompanied him ; and it was not long before Lady Harriet felt a disappointment each time the youth did not appear. She became thoughtful ; and, when she spoke, it was to enquire about young Belford, whose image forsook her not even in sleep. As yet, however, she was a stranger to the nature of her sentiments. She only knew, that she was happy in the presence of Belford, and miserable in his absence. Belford, agreeable in his person, possessed almost every mental endowment. But fortune had denied him the lustre of high birth, and that of opulence ; and these, in the eyes of Earl Stanhope, were essential disadvantages. Lady Harriet thought otherwise : love had whispered to her that Belford was the most amiable of men. The Earl had no conception

ception that a young Lady of Quality could be susceptible of the least emotion in favour of a man of inferior rank.—As if Nature had established these chimerical distinctions, and as if all men possessed not an equal right to experience sensibility, and to excite it !

Unhappily the souls of this young couple were congenial. Though awed by the dignity of her situation, Belford yet loved Lady Harriet with a tenderness unbounded as her own. Hardly could he conceal his emotion when he saw her; and when their eyes accidentally met, his whole frame seemed to be convulsed. Lady Harriet soon perceived, that her feelings for Belford were of the most tender love ; and he, unable to suppress his passion, declared to her its violence. They interchanged a thousand vows of eternal constancy, while they yielded to an enthusiasm which no language can express, and which innocence alone can feel.

But it is not in man to be satisfied with a pure affection. Our young couple experienced this truth. Their desires, as they became less delicate, became more bold and impetuous. Nature was too strong for reason ; situation and circumstances

stances were favourable; and at length Lady Harriet, forgetting what she owed to her family and to religion, resigned herself to the embraces of Mr. Belford.

Punishment followed closely on her guilt. She became a stranger to repose, and every moment beheld her father ready to sacrifice her to his injured honour. Often did she resolve to close her sorrows in death; but the powerful sensations of a mother, which she already felt, and the thoughts of parting with Belford, to whom her situation was still unknown, withheld her hand.——With what distraction did she at length inform him of her pregnancy! and with what horror did he receive the fatal intelligence! ‘I will throw myself, said Lady Harriet, at the feet of my father; he will pity my situation; he will permit me to call thee husband; the innocent babe in the womb will make him hear its voice; it will affect him; and in consideration of our child he will pardon me.’

Lady Harriet, however, was not possessed of so much resolution. She had not power to make such a confession to her father. At the sight of the Earl, and on the recollection of his pride, her fears
were

were perpetually excited ; and an accident soon convinced her, that they were too well grounded. On the recital of a story similar to her own, the haughty Lord exclaimed, ‘ Had I been that father, my daughter should not have survived a moment.’ From these words the wretched Lady Harriet foresaw her fate. Her pregnancy advanced ; and, in hopes of an asylum from his fury, she resolved to fly from her father to an uncle of her husband : for old Belford was now dead, and, from losses in trade, had not left what was sufficient to satisfy his creditors.

The uncle of the young lover, a slave to avarice, which almost perpetually attends on men of business, was afraid to incur the resentment of Earl Stanhope : he abandoned therefore Lady Harriet and Mr. Belford to their unhappy destiny. Mean while they learnt that the Earl had made enquiries after his daughter, and, emboldened by this circumstance, and pressed by necessity, they formed the resolution of throwing themselves upon his mercy, and trusted that the feelings of a father would disarm the natural severity of his temper ; and before they repaired to his presence, they were joined in marriage.

riage. The Earl heard the story of his daughter with the utmost indignation: all his ideas of pride and dignity were wounded: 'That ignoble fellow thy husband! (exclaimed he) Wretch! get thee from my presence, and let my curse for ever attend thee.'

The unhappy couple retired under agitations which it is impossible to describe. Belford, without money, and without a friend, knew not to what he might betake himself. To conceal his misery he fled into the country, and carrying with him his wife, submitted to the meanest drudgery, to procure a subsistence for her. Mean while Lady Harriet became a mother. But Belford, not being used to labour, could not support the fatigue. In vain did he say to himself, "It is for my wife and my son that I labour" His strength became gradually wasted; love and paternal fondness could not renew his nature, and he at last sunk under it. The master Belford had worked with, being a morose and avaricious man, would not, after Belford's death, give the least assistance to Lady Harriet. She therefore, with the very small matter she had, was obliged to wander in search of some asylum,

lum, where she might, at least, have shelter. Shunning the towns, she crawled from village to village; and at last, rejected at every quarter, and quite spent under the burden of her distress, she was ready to perish with want and with disease. Only one poor woman, who herself craved the charity of the publick, took pity on her situation, and received her into a hovel that afforded her a shelter from the weather. Her strength was exhausted; she gazed upon her child, embraced him, and fell into a swoon. Her child seemed to share in her distress, and to mingle his tears and his groans with her's. What a picture of distress!

Amidst the decays of nature, as a last effort of affection for her son, she resolved to write to her father. She begged a bit of paper and some ink, and gave way to her tears. Her letter was expressed in these terms:

‘ Make haste, my Lord, I dare not call you father, and close the eyes (shall I say it) of your unhappy daughter. Deny me not a name which I shall soon relinquish for ever. My soul longs to expire in your bosom, in the bosom of a parent still dear to me: Can he yet refuse me his pardon?

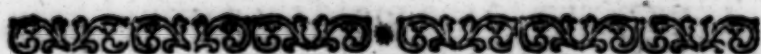
Oh!

Oh ! grant it, my Lord, grant it for the sake of a little innocent, whom I throw at your feet, who stretches out his hands to you as an intercessor for his mother. My Lord, my father, suffer me to die in your embrace. If I have offended you, come to witness the punishment I suffer. Once more I entreat you to yield to my wishes, to my tears. Come, and let my last looks be divided between you and my child.'

The inhumanity of Lord Stanhope was now totally disarmed : he hastened to snatch his daughter from destruction : he every moment exclaimed with a sigh, ' Is it possible that I should have brought such distress upon my child ? That I, her father, should have plunged her into this gulph of wretchedness ! '

His repentance was too late, and his haste to see her unavailing. Before he could reach her desolate mansion, she was nothing.

A



A

M O R N I N G - W A L K .

AT the season when nature descends,
And scatters the plain with sweet
flow'rs:

When Phœbus his influence lends,
And the earth is refresh'd with soft
show'rs;

In the morning pursuing their walk,
Young Strephon and Daphne I saw;
How engaging they seemed to talk!
While their eyes told each other their
joy.

By the side of the hedge they stepp'd slow,
Nor suffer'd, neglected, to die,
The herbs that profusely-wild grow,
Known alone to the curious eye.

Now over the gate they reclin'd,
Intent on the husbandman's toil;
Who when earth, soft, relenting, proves
kind,
Plows, cleanses, or sows his rich soil.

H

Then

Then down to the mead they would stray,
Where the verdure refreshes the sight;
But frequently paus'd by the way,
With apt words to express their delight.

To the hill now their walk I pursu'd,
Where new objects new pleasure impart;
And as nature's fair portrait they view'd,
This lesson they read to my heart:

With these beauties how charm'd is the
eye!

The prospect how varied and gay!
My Strephon, these scenes we espy,
Though speechless, instruction convey.

The fields kept so neat and so clean,
Which the farmer each day doth inspect,

Remind me of home, that within
There should be nought consum'd by
neglect.

The stream that glides smoothly along,
Bids me never meet passion with rage;
If you frown—I will sing a soft song;
Your anger soft words shall assuage.

The

The Sheep that enliven the plain,
Not far from their Shepherd will roam,
Seem to say, that true pleasure in vain
Is sought for, if not found at home.

Dear Daphne, that village observe,
There, how happy the few who reside !
They live, without guileful reserve,
At a distance from Folly and Pride.

Simplicity walks with the Clown ;
Coy Modesty dwells with the Fair ;
For Charity look to yon dome ;
The Vicar and her should be there.

Mark yon cot, rear'd for plain humble
swains,
Where blessings, though few, greatly
please,
'Tis the lot of the peasant, who gains
With his evenings contentment and
ease.

There Temperence, healthful and gay,
Smiles at labour, though coarse be his
meat ;
With a song he salutes the new day,
And his bread and his rest are both
sweet.

There, obscur'd, modest worth steals thro'
life,

With Peace, smiling Peace, at his
board :

To the gay busy crowd they leave strife,
Nor envy the Miser his hoard.

There Prudence too, neatly array'd,

Has found a snug wholesome retreat ;
Her care she owns fully repaid,
If Colin still finds her discreet.

Let the hero stake life for a name ;

Let ambition court gold, pomp, and
glare ;

Let the gay waste their days in love's
flame ;

Can they ever with Virtue compare ?

That Virtue which seeks yon retreats !

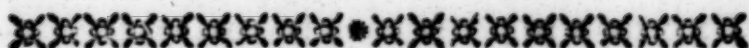
That devotion those scenes must in-
spire !

O ! let me enjoy their soft sweets !

Those pleasures which sages admire !

They illumine the mind with their ray,

And point to the first forming cause ;
From each insect, and every spray,
Reflection an inference draws.



A S I N G U L A R

A N E C D O T E

O F

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

NO T long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrun, who had been one of her attendants, become, in some measure, desperate, on account of the loss of a husband whom she dearly loved ; a loss which had been occasioned by grief, for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate princess, to whose retinue he also had belonged, formed a resolution to avenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth.

To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Sparke, and attended at the court of England, with a pair of pistols constantly concealed about her, one to kill the Queen, when an opportunity should offer, and one to kill herself, if her crime should be discovered.

One day as she was pushing through the crowd in order to get near to her majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of her pistols. This circumstance being observed by the guards, she was immediately seized in order to be sent to prison. The Queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality; and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet am I a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrun; and I was several years in the service of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and thereby deprived me of the best of husbands, who could not survive the bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured Queen; and regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitless, were the efforts I made to divert me from my purpose:—I found myself constrained to prove by experience the truth of the maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance,

geance, when she is impelled to it by love."

Highly as the Queen had cause to resent this speech, she heard it with coolness, and answered it with moderation.

"You are persuaded then, said her majesty, that in this step you have done nothing but what your duty required:—what think you is my duty now to do to you?"

"Is that question put in the character of a Queen or that of a judge?" replied Margaret with the same intrepid firmness.

Elizabeth professed to her that it was in that of a Queen.

"Then," continued Lambrun, "it is your majesty's duty to grant me a pardon."

"But what security," demanded the Queen, "can you give me, that you will not make the like attempt upon some future occasion?"

"A favour ceases to be one, madam," replied Margaret, "when it is yielded under such restraints.——In so doing, your majesty would act against me as a judge."

"I have been thirty years a Queen," cried Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then present, "and had never such a lecture read to me before." And she immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been desired, in opposition to the opinion of the President of the Council, who told her majesty that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender.

The fair criminal, however, gave an additional proof of her prudence, in begging the Queen to extend her generosity one degree further, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom ; with which favour also Elizabeth cheerfully complied, and Margaret Lambrun from that period lived a peaceable life in France.

REAL



REAL FRIENDSHIP.

REAL Friendship is rarely to be found. Antiquity furnisheth but few instances of it; the present age scarce one. The example I shall produce of this generous, disinterested, and virtuous passion, is not from our own country, but from the history of Poland.

Octavius and Leobellus, two young gentlemen of Wilna in Lithuania, were bred up together, and were inseparable companions: they seemed to have but one will, or two bodies actuated by one soul; so that reason and justice always regulated their sentiments when they differed. While they were at the university, Octavius fell in love with Paulina, a lady of superior rank, both as to birth and fortune; and moreover, destined by her relations for Gelasius, a young nobleman, whose haughtiness, in his addresses to the young lady, gave her such a disgust towards his person, that she preferred the gentleman, Octavius, in her heart, to the

H 5

nobleman.

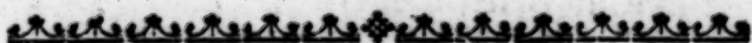
nobleman. Gelasius, supposing that the lady's aversion to him was occasioned by his rival Octavius, threatened him with his resentment. Octavius only answered, that inclination was free, and, if he could engage that of Paulina, it was not his resentment that should make him desist. The consequence of which answer was, that they were thoroughly displeased with each other.

Gelasius prevailed with Paulina's relations to forbid all intercourse and correspondence between her and Octavius, and to oblige her to look upon Gelasius as one designed to be her husband; which increased her aversion to Gelasius, and her affection for Octavius. Gelasius saw its effects, and resolved to remove his rival. Being informed by spies, hired on purpose, that Octavius frequently entertained Paulina at her window, he took with him a friend, named Megastus, and a servant, and formed an ambush near Paulina's house, to interrupt the lover. At the time expected, Octavius advanced with his friend Leobellus, who, at the appearance of Paulina, by a signal given, retreated, to give the lovers an opportunity to converse; but immediately the servant
fell

fell upon Leobellus, while Gelasius and Megasius took the task of dispatching Octavius. Leobellus soon disabled the servant, and flying with speed to the assistance of Octavius, found him with his back to a wall, maintaining a very unequal fight ; and, at the first thrust, he laid Gelasius dead ; and then, turning upon Megasius, wounded him and made him fly ; he himself having received no hurt : but Octavius was desperately wounded.

This affair was represented by Megasius, to the friend of Gelasius, to be a treachery contrived by the two friends, who had assaulted them in the dark, which being deposed before the magistrates, Octavius was taken, but Leobellus made his escape, concealing himself, with hopes to find an opportunity to prove his own and his friend's innocence. However, Octavius was tried, and, upon the sole evidence of Megasius, was sentenced to lose his head ; and he was already brought upon the scaffold to be executed, when Leobellus, rushing through the crowd, called to the executioner to stop his hand, for that he himself was the only person guilty ; and, mounting the scaffold, de-

clared the truth of the matter to the magistrates, cleared his friend, and offered his own life to satisfy the law. The whole multitude cried pardon, and the Magistrates carried back the two friends to the hall, to rehear the cause. When, in the presence of the Palatine of Wilna, the two friends generously contesting which should die to save the other, he patiently heard every circumstance of this dark affair; and having heard, with pleasure and surprise, Leobellus plead for his friend's discharge, said, 'So far am I from judging you guilty, or condemning you to death, that I cannot but look upon what you have done to be a glorious action. I therefore acquit you both, and adjudge Megastus to lose his head for his treachery and perjury; and request, as a favour, to be admitted the third into your friendship.' He also procured Octavius the happiness of Paulina; married Leobellus to a relation of his own, and recommended them both to advantageous posts in the court of Poland.

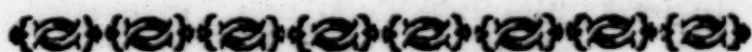


TRUE GENEROSITY.

AN honest father of a family, full of wealth and years, had a mind to settle, before he died, his succession between his three sons, and divide his wealth between them, the fruit of his labours and industry. After having made three equal divisions, and assigned to each his portion, ‘I have still, added he, a diamond of great value; and I design it for him of you who shall best deserve it by some noble and generous action, and I allow you a quarter of a year to qualify yourselves to obtain it.’ The three sons immediately disperse, but come together again at the prescribed time. They present themselves before their judge, and the eldest makes this report: ‘Father, during my absence, a stranger found himself so circumstanced as to be obliged to entrust me with his whole fortune; he had no security from me in writing, and he would not have been able to produce any proof, nor the least token of the deposit; but I faithfully re-
stored

stored it to him, Is there not something laudable in this fidelity?" "Thou hast done, son, answered the old gentleman, what was only thy duty. If thou hadst been capable of acting otherwise, thy baseness should have weighed thee down with shame to the grave, for probity is a duty. Thy action is an action of justice, but not an action of generosity." The second son pleaded his cause in his turn much in these words: "I happened to be, during my journey, on the strand of a lake; a child had unguardedly fallen into it, and would have been drowned, had not I ventured in, and saved his life, in presence of many inhabitants of the village, bordering on this lake, who can attest the truth of the fact." "Very well, said the father, interrupting him: there is nothing noble in this action; it is only a point of humanity." The last of the three brothers then spoke: "Father, said he, I found my mortal enemy, who had wandered out of his road, asleep, without knowing it, on the brink of an abyss; the least motion made by him, at the time of waking, must have tumbled him headlong into it; his life was in my hands: I took care to awake him with
the

the proper precautions, and dragged him away from that fatal place." "Hah! my dear son, cried the good father with transports, and tenderly embracing him: thine, undoubtedly, is the precious jewel; for thou hast the best claim to it.—True Generosity consists in doing good to our enemies.



T H E

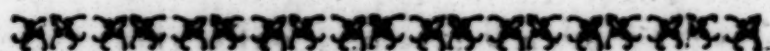
K N A V E

O U T W I T T E D .

A Merchant, upon the point of setting out upon a journey, intrusted to a Dervise, his friend, a purse of gold. At his return, he applied to him for his deposit; but the perfidious Dervise denied his having any. The exasperated merchant carried his complaints before Moavie Cadi of Bagdad. Had this merchant been less credulous, and procured witnesses when he delivered his money to the Dervise,

Dervise, the business would have been soon determined; but he had neglected that precaution. The Cadi, seeing it would be impossible to convict this faithless trustee, ordered the merchant to attend again on the morrow, and immediately sent for the Dervise. The Cadi received him with civility, and expressed a pretended regard for him, the better to gain his confidence. After some conversation, an affair of consequence (says the Cadi) obliges me to leave the country for some time; I have a very considerable sum of gold, that I dare not carry with me; I would not make choice of you for a depository, if I knew a man in the city more honest. As this business must be secretly transacted, I will send you the money to-morrow night.—The Dervise, overjoyed, assured the Cadi of inviolable fidelity, and returned home fully determined to violate it. The merchant did not fail to attend the Cadi the next day; and as soon as he saw him, “Go (says he) to the Dervise, and if he refuses to restore the charge left with him, threaten him that you will complain to me.” He instantly obeyed; and the Dervise, hearing the name of the Cadi, whose confidence he

he had so much interest to secure, immediately re-delivered him the trust.—The merchant returned to the Cadi, to testify his acknowledgment for the favour.—During this, the Dervise waited impatiently for the performance of the promise made him. Alarmed at hearing no news of it, he hurried to the Cadi: but what was his astonishment, when he heard himself reproached by the judge for his breach of faith! He retired in great confusion and despair, for having been the dupe of his own credulity.



SINGULAR ACCOUNT

OF A

M I S E R.

A Varice, of all other passions, is the least to be accounted for; as it precludes the Miser from all pleasure, except that of hoarding. The prodigal, the gamester, the ambitious, have something to plead by way of palliatives for their inordinate affections to their respective objects and pursuits; but the Miser gratifies his passion at the expence of every

very conveniency, indulgence, or even necessary of life: he is aptly compared to the magpie, who hides gold, which he can make no use of.

Mr. Vandille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits; maintained one poor old woman, to attend him in his garret; allowed her only seven sous *per week*, or a penny *per diem*. His usual diet was bread and milk; and, for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday; on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being one shilling and a penny *per annum*, which he cast up; and after his death, his extensive charity amounted to forty three shillings and four pence. This prudent economist had been a magistrate, or officer, at Boulogne; from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster-general at the

the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his beard, at no expence of his own; not, doubtless, from any other principle than that of serving the public, in regulating the goodness of milk. When he was called to Paris, knowing that stage vehicles were expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of three-pence sterling, to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and, with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor Priest, or Mendicant, and no doubt gathered some few pence on the road, from such pious and well-disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him.

The great value a Miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprized at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing, by gentle gradations, into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands and ten thousands; which made this worthy connoisseur say, "Take care of the farthings, and the
 " pence and shillings will take care of
 " themselves;

“ themselves; these semina of wealth may
 “ be compared to seconds of time, which
 “ generate years, centuries, and even
 “ eternity itself.” When he became
 extensively rich, being in the year 1735
 worth seven or eight hundred thousand
 pounds, which he begot or multiplied on
 the body of a single shilling, from the age
 of sixteen to the age of seventy-two; one
 day he heard a wood-man going by in
 summer, at which season they stock them-
 selves with fuel for the winter; he agreed
 with him at the lowest rate possible, but
 stole from the poor man several logs, with
 which he loaded himself to his secret hid-
 ing-hole; and thus contracted, in that
 hot season, a fever: he then sent, for the
 first time, for a surgeon to bleed him; who
 asking half a livre for the operation,
 was dismissed; he then sent for an apo-
 thecary, but he was as high in his de-
 mand; he sent for a poor barber, who
 undertook to open a vein for three-
 pence a time: “ But (says this worthy
 “ œconomist) friend, how often will it
 “ be requisite to bleed?”——“ Three
 “ times,” said he.——“ And what quan-
 “ tity of blood do you intend to take?”
 “ —About eight ounces each time,” an-
 “ swered.

“ fwered the barber.——“ That will
 “ be nine-pence: too much, too much,”
 “ fays the old Mifer. “ I have determin-
 “ ed to go a cheaper way to work: take
 “ the whole quantity you defign to take
 “ at three times, at one time, and that
 “ will fave me fix pence:” which be-
 ing infifted on, he loft twenty-four
 ounces of blood, and died in a few
 days, leaving all his vaft treasures to the
 King, whom he made his fole heir.——
 Thus he contracted his diforder by pilfer-
 ing, and his death by an unprecedented
 piece of parfmomy.



T H E
 T R A V E L S
 O F
 V I R T U E.

V I R T U E, defirous of vifiting the
 abode of mortals, undertook a
 journey through the world: fhe was at-
 tended by Temperance, Juftice, and Hu-
 manity,

manity, her constant companions in all her peregrinations. They passed the first part of the journey without any considerable opposition; but when they arrived at a certain city called Manhood, the metropolis of the kingdom of Existence, they received many insults from the subjects of Vice, who was governor of the place. They however behaved themselves with great steadiness and resolution, and looked upon the aspersions thrown on them with contempt: but they were surprized by Temptation, Allurement, and Consent. It was with great difficulty that they escaped out of their hands; and Temperance, Justice, and Humanity, had nearly been carried off by a company of robbers, whose names were Extravagance, Villany, and Cruel Disposition. All their arts could not, however, deceive, or their power force Virtue; who, being the favourite of the skies, was defended from every insinuation, and protected from every danger.

Soon after, Virtue and her companions met with Misfortune, attended by a numerous retinue; yet they remained serene and calm, nor discovered the least sinful disorder or emotion; so that the inhabitants

habitants of the earth were astonished,
 and the family of Sense were confounded.
 But Virtue seeing their amazement, spoke
 to them in the following manner: " Why
 are ye surprized, O ye children of the
 dust? You judge only from external ap-
 pearance, and contemplate the outward
 surface of things; but assure yourselves,
 my happiness does not depend on the
 breath of fame, nor is it placed in that
 which the world terms Felicity: it is nei-
 ther grandeur, riches, nor pomp, that
 please my soul, but the approbation of
 him whose favour is preferable to life in
 its brightest senses, and in its most allur-
 ing circumstances: I look upon my pre-
 sent afflictions as only designed to prove
 and try the sincerity of my heart: a much
 nobler prospect lies before me; my estate
 is yet to come, and the possession sure and
 certain. The seas may evaporate, the skies
 pass away, the rocks crumble to dust, and
 the mountains know their place no more;
 but my inheritance is secured, and my
 crown fadeth not away: I am descended
 from the Great Eternal of the skies: he
 is my father, my guardian, my protector:
 his hand shall safely guide me through
 the maze of life, and the glory of his
 presence

presence illuminate the valley of the shadow of death."

Having spoken these words, Virtue and her companions pursued their journey along the road of Mortality with chearfulness. Amidst all the fatigue and difficulties that attended them, they fainted not, nor were they weary. At last they reached that antient town in the road of life stiled Old Age, where they were seized by Infirmary, Sickness, and Decline: and after being for some time confined in the prison of Disease, they were conducted through the land of Darkness to the region of Death, where their faces turned pale, and they were ready to sink with fear; till accosted by Good Conscience, who promised to appear as their friend, when they were brought to the bar for trial. Nor did he fail in his promise. The judge was satisfied with his report, and commanded Innocence to waft them over the river of Oblivion, and land them on the shore of Immortality. Here they were received by Glory, and with him took their flight from the view of mortals.

F I N I S.



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